

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## NEW YEAR'S NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

FALL, snow flakes, soft and silent, white and cold —

From sunless skies muffled in one grey cloud,  
Fall, till the ravaged face of earth you hide  
As with a shroud.

That smooth the shroud may lie, and folded fair  
Above the horror of the thing below,  
Lest unwashed gashes, bones of rent flesh bare  
To heaven should show.

Beside the stillness of the white-swathed form  
Let us a moment try to put aside  
Thought of the blood, the hideous wounds, still  
warm  
And gaping wide —

In vain! Beneath the coldly mantling white,  
A ruddy stain *will* ooze up through the snow :  
Under the smooth sheet ghastly rents of fight,  
Perforce, will show.

How hide the waste, and wrong, and misery —  
Burnt houses, wrecked fields, peasants, hunger-  
bitten

By idle looms, wan mothers hushing cry  
Of babes plague-smitten ?

Such thoughts will come, our Christmas joy to  
kill,  
Stretch gaunt hands 'twixt us and our Christ-  
mas fare,  
And to our Christmas song, "Peace and good-  
will,"  
Strange burden bear!

So dark and dreary dies out the Old Year,  
And Hope, half sadly, bids the New Year in ;  
To sound of Might proclaimed Right, far and  
near,  
And trumpets' din,

Drowning the song sung by the host of Heaven  
To Bethlehem's shepherds, while above shone  
bright

His bright star, that now pales, as War's red  
levin  
Kindles the night.

'Tis hard for us to hold our faith in Good,  
Might of Forgiveness, majesty of Love,  
With Hate's code writ in characters of blood,  
Love's law above.

But not the less is Love's commandment clear,  
On heart and conscience graven in letters deep,  
That shall, when blood-writ records disappear,  
Their brightness keep.

Not less a ruling hand behind the clouds  
Of War and Woe guides acts and fates of men :  
Till, at The Voice, the "dry bones" in their  
shrouds  
Shall "Live Again."

Punch.

## FILLIOLE DULCISSIMÆ.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

SAY, wilt thou think of me when I'm away,  
Borne from the threshold and laid in the clay,  
Past and unheard of for many a day ?

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone,  
Further each year from the vision withdrawn,  
Thou in the sunset, and I in the dawn ?

Wilt thou remember me, when thou shalt see,  
Daily and nightly encompassing thee,  
Hundreds of others, but nothing of me ?

All that I ask is a gem in thine eye,  
Sitting and thinking when no one is by.  
Thus looked he on me — thus rang his reply :

'Tis not to die, though the path be obscure ;  
Vast though the peril, there's One can secure ;  
Grand is the conflict, the victory sure ;

But 'tis to feel the cold touch of decay,  
'Tis to look back on the wake of one's way,  
Fading and vanishing day after day ;

This is the bitterness none can be spared ;  
This, the oblivion the greatest have shared ;  
This, the true death for ambition prepared.

Thousands are round us, toiling as we,  
Living and loving — whose lot is to be  
Past and forgotten, like waves on the sea.

Once in a lifetime is uttered a word  
That doth not vanish as soon as 'tis heard —  
Once in an age is humanity stirred ;

Once in a century springs forth a deed  
From the dark hands of forgetfulness freed,  
Destined to shine, and to bless, and to lead.

Yet not ev'n thus escape we our lot —  
The deed lasts in memory — the deed is not,  
The world liveth on, but the voice is forgot.

Who knows the form of the mighty of old ?  
Can bust or can portrait the spirit unfold,  
Or the light of the eye by description be told ?

Nay, even He who our ransom became,  
Bearing the cross, and despising the shame,  
Earning a name above every name.

They who had handled Him when He was here,  
Kept they in memory His lineaments clear —  
Would they command them at will to appear ?

They who had heard Him and lived in His voice,  
Say, could they always recall to their choice  
The tone and the cadence which made them re-  
joice ?

Be we content, then, to pass into shade,  
Visage and voice in oblivion laid,  
And live in the light that our actions have  
made.

From The Westminster Review.  
**THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF ENGLAND  
 UNDER HENRY VIII.\***

WHEN Thomas Dorset, curate of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, "havyng nothyng to doo, as an idler went to Lambethe to the byshopis place, to see what news;" he saw and heard on that and the few following days several things which were significant of the times. He saw a reverend doctor examined before Cranmer, Shaxton, and Latimer respecting a "vision he had had of the Trinity, and of a command which he had received from Our Lady to the effect that he should proclaim abroad that she would be honoured at Ipswich and Willesden, as she had been in times past. After that one Lamberte was examined for saying it was a sin to pray to the saints; for which Latimer was so extreme against him, that he was sent to ward again." Then we hear of Hilsey,

Bishop of Rochester, exercising episcopal authority in the diocese of London, for which the London apparitor railed on him, saying, that "he nor such as he is shall have jurisdiction within his lord's precincts." Then the "clergy sat on it in the convocation house," and, as is the wont of convocations even now, they "left off till another day."

But if Latimer as a judge was extreme against poor Lamberte for declining to pray to saints, he was more extreme against those in authority when he was in the pulpit.

"On Sunday," the good curate runs on, "the Bishop of Worcester preached at Paul's Cross, and he said that bishops, abbots, priors, parsons, canons resident, priests, and all, were *strong thieves*; the dukes, lords, and all. 'The King,' quoth he, 'made a marvellous good Act of Parliament, that certain men should sow every of them two acres of hemp,\* but it were all too little, were it so much more, to hang the thieves that be in England.'" Bishops, abbots, with such other, should not have so many servants, nor so many dishes, but to go to their first foundation, and keep hospitality to feed the poor; not jolly fellows with golden chains and velvet gowns."

Then the garrulous correspondent goes on to other matters, to tell how the king appeared among the burgesses of parliament with a bill adding a request that they would consider it well, for he would not have them pass it because he presented it, but only if it tended to the common good. In it provision was to be made for poor people. The gallows was to "be rid," the faulty were to die, and the innocent acquitted, and set at liberty without payment of fees. Beggars and prisoners were to be set to labour at Dover, or elsewhere, where the sea had broken in. "Then if they fall to idleness the idlers shall be had before a justice of the peace and his fault written." The second time they were to be burned in the hand; the third time they were to die for it.†

\* 1. *A Fruteful and Pleasaunt Worke of the best state of a Publyque Weale, and of the newe yle, called Utopia.* Written in Latine by Syr THOMAS MORE, Knyght, and translated into Englyshe by RAPHE ROBYNSON, etc. 1551. (Rep. 1869).

2. *Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries.* Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A. Camden Society. 1843.

3. *Ballads from Manuscripts.* Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. Vol. I. 1868.

4. *England in the Reign of King Henry the Eighth, a Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Thomas Lupset, Lecturer in Rhetoric at Oxford.* By THOMAS STARKEY, Chaplain to the King. Edited, with Preface, Notes, and Glossary, by J. M. COWPER. Early English Text Society (Extra Series). 1871.

5. *A Supplicacy for the Beggars.* 1524. (Foxe's "Acts and Monuments." Third edition. 1576.)

6. *The Complaynt of Roderyck Mors, somtyme a gray fryre, unto the parliament house of Ingland, his natural cuntry: For the redresse of certain wicked lawes, euell customs, and cruel decreys.* 1533.

7. *A Supplication to our moste Soveraigne Lorde Kynge Henry the Eyght, &c.* 1544.

8. *The Lamentacyon of a Christen Agaynst the Cytie of London, for some certayne great vyces vered therein.* 1544.

9. *A Supplication of the Poore Commons.* 1546.

10. *Certaine Causes gathered together, wherein is shewed the decaye of England, only by the great multitude of Shepe, to the etter decay of Household Keeping, Mayntenance of Men, Dearth of Corne, and other Notable Dyscommodities approued by syxe old Prouerbes.* n. d.

11. *One and thyrtye Epigrammes, wherein are bryefly touched so many Abuses that may and ought to be put away.* Compiled and Imprinted By ROBERT CROWLEY. 1550.

12. *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, in the Reign of Henry VIII.* By I. S. BREWER, M.A. Vols. II. and III.

\* 24 Hen. VIII. c. 4. "Every person having in his occupation three score acres of land apt for tillage, shall sow one rood with linseed, otherwise called flax or hemp-seed, and also one rood for every forty acres."

† "Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries," Cam. Soc. pp. 36-39.

No man seems to have referred so frequently and in such powerful language to the evils which then prevailed as Latimer. He seemed to look on everything bearing upon the poverty and crimes of the poor, the pomp and wastefulness of the rich, the idleness and vice of the clergy, the bribery and delays of the lawyers, as proper subjects for pulpit oratory. And he was right. When Thomas Dorset wrote to his friends at Plymouth, he had no idea of writing history, yet his letter and the documents of a similar nature throw more light upon the times in which they were written, than many a ponderous volume which has since issued from the press. Until we can take into our hands the letters, chronicles, diaries, and tracts of the times, and study them without the glosses with which they have been overlaid, we shall never arrive at a true estimate of the causes which led to the wonderful changes then begun, and the means by which our country passed through the agonies of the crisis without utter ruin, and without even greater distress to individuals and corporate bodies.

Perhaps to no period of our history do men turn with more real interest than to that which is covered by the fifty years which elapsed between the accession of Henry VIII. and that of his daughter Elizabeth. It was a time which produced its plagues upon the bodies of men, its revolutions in the Church, and rebellions in the State; a disputed or doubtful succession at home, and wars and complications, yielding little glory and less honour, abroad. But few of these points will occupy our attention now. Whether Henry were a tyrant and the murderer of his subjects, or a saint; and whether Cranmer were a time-server or a patriot, are questions which it does not fall to our lot to answer. Our object is to ascertain by reference to contemporary writers what was the general condition of the people of this country during the years that Henry VIII. occupied the throne. Is it true that "the habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal,"\* and that they considered duty to the State their first law, or did every man look chiefly to his own profit and

pleasure, few regarding the public good? Did princes and lords look to the good order and prosperity of their dependents, or did they look only to their rents and revenues, studying only how to enhance their rates that their pompous state might be maintained, utterly regardless of any but themselves? It was commonly said that if the tenants paid the rents demanded at a proper time, the landlords cared not "whether they sank or swam."\* Was it "Merrie England," and was "The glory of hospitality, England's pre-eminent boast," anything more than a sham? Were "all tables, from the table of the twenty shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall, open at the dinner hour to all comers,† without stint or reserve, or question asked? Free fare and free lodging; bread, beef, and beer for dinner, even when accompanied by the drawback of only "a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow,"‡ were not likely to be despised by a people living in frank style, hating idleness, want, and cowardice, carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full.§

This is a pleasant picture. If true, the Englishmen of that day must have been of all men the most ungrateful. And it can be but reasonable to ask what could have induced them, with such an array of good things within their reach, to rebel against their king, to wander about outcast, and poor, and miserable, dying of disease, hunger, and cold, by the highways and in the streets? To beg, steal, oppress one another, as we are afraid there is evidence enough to prove that they did? These are some of the questions which we shall attempt to answer.

If the common people of a country are sunk in vice, idleness, and poverty, we may rest assured that the classes above them are not free from blame. Given an upper

\* "England in the Reign of Henry the Eighth: a Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Thomas Lupset, Lecturer in Rhetoric at Oxford. Edited, with Preface, Notes, and Glossary, by J. M. Cowper." Early English Text Society, 1871. p. 85.

† Sir Thomas More says:—"This great dearth of victuals causeth men to keep as little houses, and as small hospitality as they possibly may, and to put away their servants."—*Utopia*, p. 43, ed. 1569.

‡ Froude, i. 43.

§ *Ib.*



class luxurious, profligate, and slothful, and it is certain their vices will be reflected in those below; and we shall find in tracing the manners of the men of the times under notice that from the crown to the sole, from the king to the beggar, English society was rotten to the very core. Henry may have been a model of self-denial; he may have put away Catherine of Arragon because of his fears about the succession; he may have been "unwilling to marry at all" after the death of Jane Seymour,\* and his divorce from Anne of Cleves may have been accomplished with "God only before his eyes," as he advised his Privy Council to consider what he ought to do. These suppositions may possibly be true, but true or untrue the frequent mistakes in his matrimonial engagements were a scandal to Europe, and they could hardly fail of having a most pernicious influence on the morals of his people. But we have said enough of Henry's own character, let us now examine into that of his nobles, leaving out as far as possible all allusions of a political nature.

Though learning began to make rapid strides in Henry's reign, the education of the nobles generally seems to have been almost worthless. Commonly, they were brought up in hunting, hawking, dicing, and card-playing, in eating and drinking, and in all vain pleasure and pastime. Such things alone were thought to pertain to the proper office of a gentleman, as though he were born thereto, and to nothing else.† They neglected all the exercises of the tournaments, they deserted the butts, and sold their lands to squander the money they fetched in gaming.‡ Born, as they thought, only that they might spend what their ancestors had accumulated, they fulfilled none of the duties belonging to their

high position, or only fulfilled them in an imperfect manner. If they were not apparelled in silks and velvets they fancied they lacked honour.\* Those who had been brave men, and by their courage had served the king, now went daily in gowns of gold and rich clothing.† The excess and costliness of apparel were such, by reason of the ever-changing fashions, that a worshipful man's lands which had been sufficient to find and maintain twenty or thirty tall yeomen and a good household, and then have wherewithal to relieve the poor and needy, was now barely enough to keep the heir to the estate, his wife, her maid, two yeomen, and a lackey. Sometimes it was cap, sometimes hood; now the French fashion, then the Spanish; which quickly yielded to another from Italy or Milan; so that there was no end to them.‡

While they spent their manors and mills on their backs at home, as well as when they accompanied the King to France, they were equally extravagant in their diet. If they had not at dinner and supper twenty dishes of different kinds of meat, they felt that they wanted honour.§ Two days after the betrothal of the Princess Mary to the Dauphin (1518), a grand feast was prepared at Greenwich. Among the solid viands were 3000 loaves of bread, 10 3-4 carcasses of beeves, 56 of sheep, 17 pigs of various sizes, 48 dozen capons and chickens, 15 swans, 32 dozen pigeons, 54 dozen larks, 68 geese, 3000 pears, 1300 apples, 16 1-2 gallons of cream, 16 gallons of milk, 6 gallons of frumenty, 367 dishes of butter, in addition to pullets, cranes, peachicks, dates, prunes, raisins, almonds' comfits, curds, &c.|| Well might it be said that there was never so great feasting and

\* Froude, III. 461.

† "England in the Reign of Henry VIII.," &c. p. 129. See also Pace, quoted in Mr. Furnivall's "Babees Book," xiii. — "I swear by God's body I'd rather that my son should hang than study letters. For it becomes the sons of gentlemen to blow the horn nicely, to hunt skilfully, and elegantly carry and train a hawk. But the study of letters should be left to the sons of rustics." This was said by a "gentleman" at a public feast.

‡ The Ruyn of a Ream. Ballads from MSS. ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq. I. 159.

\* "England in the Reign," &c. p. 130.

† "Ballads from MSS.," p. 159.

‡ "A Supplyeacion to our moste Sovereigne Lorde King Henry VIII.," 1544.

§ "England in the Reign," &c. p. 130. "When Sir John Cromwell gave a dinner and supper to Henry V., fifty-three dishes were placed on the table." — "Queen Elizabethes Achademy," &c., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., part I. pp. 89, 90.

|| "Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.," II. cixlii. The whole bill of fare is printed on p. 1515 of the volume. See Froude, I. 46, 46, for the provisions prepared for those present at the installation of George Neville as Archbishop of York.

banqueting, with so many kinds of meat, as now, especially in the houses of those who aped the manners of the nobles. "Mean gentlemen" wished to fare as well as princes and lords were wont to do, and fancied that an honour which was a disgrace, and which tended only to the poverty of the realm, and the fulfilling of the proverb, "Many idle gluttons make victuals dear."\*

Drunkenness was on a level with gluttony. The wine and ale for the day mentioned above, consisted of three tuns two pipes of the former, and six tuns seven hogsheds of the latter. When an embassy of four persons was sent to France, although stress of weather compelled them to leave part of their retinue in this country, they were regaled at Abbeville with three puncheons of wine; and two days afterwards, "being Friday," the burgesses of Amiens presented to them four puncheons of wine; so great and almost unquenchable was the thirst of Englishmen supposed to be.†

The dice and cards were the ruin of many an heir, and brought many wealthy men to want.‡ In Latimer's time there were more dicing-houses than there had ever been, where young gentlemen went and played, and lost all they had. Even at Wolsey's table, after the guests had gratified their palates with countless dishes of confections and other delicacies, "they gratified their eyes and hands. Large bowls, filled with ducats and dice, were placed on the table for such as liked to gamble."§ The King made an Act for "debarring unlawful games," and for the "maintenance of artillery,"|| prohibiting the keeping of gaming-houses; and about the same time it was urged that carders and dicers should be punished in the same manner as robbers and adulterers; ¶ but all was in vain, and every vice was practised with increased zest when all the re-

straints of the Church were removed. Then it was said, if a poor man kept a mistress besides his wife, or if his wife "played the harlot," they were punished as they deserved. But an alderman, a gentleman, or a rich man, might keep one or more, and justice stayed her hand and allowed them to go unpunished. London deserved a thousand times more plagues than ever fell upon Tyre and Sidon, or even on Sodom and Gomorrah.\*

In the midst of all these extravagances in dress, diet, and morals, how did our old nobility live when at home? It is not easy to give an account of this home life which shall be satisfactory. The Ordinance made by King Henry in 1526 does not lead us to take a pleasant view of this matter. He found that the corruption and uncleanness in his house engendered danger of infection, besides being very noisome and unpleasant to the noblemen and others repairing to His Majesty. The royal scullions were in the habit of going about naked, or in garments of extreme vileness, lying night and day on the ground by the kitchen fireside.† These sights and smells were noisome and unpleasant to the nobles; but were their own houses any better? Let Erasmus relate his own experience:—

"I am frequently astonished and grieved to think how it is that England has been now for so many years troubled by a continual pestilence, especially by a deadly sweat, which appears in a great measure to be peculiar to your country. I have read how a city was once delivered from a plague by a change in the houses, made at the suggestion of a philosopher. I am inclined to think that this also must be the deliverance of England.

"First of all, Englishmen never consider the aspect of their doors and windows: next, the chambers are built in such a way as to admit of no ventilation. Then a great part of the walls of the house is occupied with glass casements, which admit light, but exclude the air, and yet they let in the draft through holes and corners, which is often pestilential and stagnates there. The floors are in general laid with a white clay, and are covered with rushes, occasionally removed, but so imperfectly that the bottom layer is left undisturbed, sometimes for twenty years, harbouring expectorations, vomitings, the leakage of dogs and men, ale-droppings, scraps of fish, and other abominations not fit to be mentioned. Whenever the weather changes a vapour is exhaled, which I consider very detrimental to health. . . . I am confident the island would be much more salubrious if the

\* "England in the Reign," &c., p. 95.

† "Letters and Papers," ii. clixvi. The cost of a gallon of wine seems to have been one shilling.

A. D.		s. d.
1516-17.	Wine to Ld. Warden and Ld. Bergavenny	1 9
1517-18.	Wine to my Ld. of Canterbury	3 0
1520-21.	Gallon of wine to Lord of Canterbury	1 0
1523-4.	Wine to the Warden	0 7
1526-40.	Wine to Lord of Canterbury	1 4
1543-4.	Wine to Duke of Spain	1 10
1556-6.	Wine to Sir Thos. Moyle	4 0

Chamberlain's Accounts, contained in the (MS.) Wardrobe Book of the Town of Faversham.

‡ "One and thyrtye Epigrammes," &c. by Robert Crowley, 1550, ff. 18.

§ "Letters and Papers," ii. cxi.

|| 33 Hen. VIII., c. 9.

¶ "England in the Reign," &c., p. 171.

\* "The Lamentation of a Christian against the City of London" 1542.

† Furnivall's "Babees Book," lxxi.

use of rushes were abandoned, and if the rooms were built in such a way as to be exposed to the sky on two or three sides, and all the windows so built as to be opened or closed at once; and so completely closed as not to admit the foul air through chinks: and for as it is beneficial to health to admit the air, so is it equally beneficial to exclude it. The common people laugh at you if you complain of a cloudy or foggy day. Thirty years ago if ever I entered a room which had not been occupied for some months I was sure to take a fever. More moderation in diet, and especially in the use of salt meats, might be of service; more particularly were public Ediles appointed to see the streets cleaned from mud and urine, and the suburbs kept in better order.”\*

The above letter was called forth by the awful visitation known as “the sweating sickness.” For centuries no infection had been known in this country which could be compared in malignancy with this. “People sitting at dinner in the full enjoyment of health and spirits, were seized with it, and died before the next morning.” The pestilence gave from four to eleven, and sometimes as many as fourteen, days’ respite, but the sweating sickness gave only a few hours, at times only one or two. Some were destroyed by the incautious opening of a window, some by playing with children at their doors. The beggar seeking alms at the gate of the rich might disseminate the infection, which gave to him who “merrily dined, a sorrowful supper,” if it spared him so long. “As it found them, so it took them; some in sleep, some in wake, some in mirth, some in care, some fasting and some full, some busy and some idle; and in one house sometime three, sometime five, sometime more, sometime all. Of the which if half in every town escaped, it was thought great favour.” A fever was the first evidence of its having attacked anyone. Profuse sweat, sharp pains in the back, shoulders, and extremities, were signs of its progress. After attacking the liver, came pains in the head and oppressions of the heart, followed by drowsiness, the whole body becoming inactive and lumpish. Men of middle age and sanguine complexion were most liable to its attacks, while labourers and men who were in the habit of feeding on a “thin diet” generally escaped. It never entered Scotland; but in Calais, Antwerp, and Brabant, it generally singled out the English, whether residents or visitors, leaving the native population untouched.

The peculiarity of the disease in thus singling out Englishmen, and those of

a richer diet and more sanguine temperament” gave rise to various speculations as to its origin and the best methods of cure; and Erasmus, as we have seen, “attributed it to bad houses and bad ventilation, to the clay floors, the unchanged and festered rushes with which the rooms were strewn, and the putrid offal, bones, and filth which reeked and rotted together in the unswept and unwashed dining-halls and chambers.” These abominations in “halls and chambers,” added to the gluttony and drunkenness which were so common, were most likely the causes to which the disease was to be attributed. The half-starved agricultural labourer, feeding on “milk, whig, and whey, and not often a bellyfull of these,” escaped, but the alderman and the over-fed nobleman perished.

Its first appearance in this reign was in April, 1516. It abated in the winter, only to re-appear with increased fury in the spring of the following year; it raged all through the summer, scarcely ceased in the winter, and was more violent than ever in 1518, accompanied as it was this year by the measles and the small-pox. Business and amusements ceased, places of public resort were deserted, fairs were put down, noblemen broke up their establishments that they might live separated from the rest of mankind. The king, in his anxiety, moved from place to place, but regardless of this, the plague fell upon the royal household, and carried off the pages that slept in the king’s bedchamber. Then “every superfluous attendant was dismissed, and only three favourite gentlemen were retained. But even this precaution proved unavailing; in the spring three more of the pages died of the plague in the king’s palace of Richmond.”\*

So long as the nobles only dressed extravagantly, ate and drank inordinately, ruined themselves and their heirs by their excesses, finally receiving their reward by falling the first and frequent victims of the sweating sickness, the commons were not likely to complain. But after the monasteries were suppressed, when the broad acres which belonged to them were claimed by the Crown, and were to be had either for the asking or for a nominal amount, all was changed.† Then it was

\* “Letters and Papers,” &c., ii. pp. ccvii — ccxi.

† “Consider you what a wickedness is commonly used through the realm unpunished, in the inordinate enhancing of rents, and taking of unreasonable fines, and every day worse than other; and even of them specially to whom the king hath given and sold the lands of those impes of Antichrist, abbeyes and nunneries . . . [who] never enhanced their lands, nor took so cruel fines, as do our tem-

\* “Letters and Papers,” ii. ccix. note.

that their oppressions began to tell with such intolerable severity upon the classes dwelling on the land. But the change might have been less severely felt if the wool market had not so suddenly risen in importance. As the superiority of the English wool became better known, its price rose so high, and the demand became so great, that more and more land was enclosed and laid down in pasture; the tenants who had resided on their small holdings for perhaps many generations, were ruthlessly evicted, and their cottages and churches levelled with the ground; and the sheep, which had been so gentle, were described by Sir T. More as having become devourers of men, women, and children.\* The landowners altered the usual course of agriculture, enclosed the commons, and destroyed the houses of the small farmers, so that if a man cared to observe the state of the country, he would observe no small number of villages to be utterly decayed, and in the places where many Christian people had been nourished, he would find nothing maintained but wild and brute beasts; and where there had been many houses and churches to God's honour, nothing would be seen but sheep-cots and stables, to the ruin of man.† But little arable land was left; and the men who had lived by the plough were driven from place to place, ending at last a miserable life by a more miserable death.

Henry was not ignorant of this state of things. In the early years of his reign he endeavoured to stem the tide which was depriving his country of its population. In 1514 a petition was presented to him praying him to consider the scarcity of all kinds of food in the realm. The scarcity and dearness were said to be increasing day by day in consequence of the great and covetous misusage of the farms.‡ Gentlemen, merchant adventurers, cloth-workers, goldsmiths, butchers, tanners, and others, were striving to obtain more land than they could cultivate — some of them holding as many as sixteen farms, on every one of which there used to be a good house and from three to six ploughs. When every man was content with one farm, and cultivated that well, the means of sustenance were plentiful and cheap. The produce of the land sustained many horses, oxen, and kine, while the refuse

from the barn door kept great numbers of poultry and swine. The engrossers effected a great change. Where there had been a town of twenty or thirty houses, "they be now decayed, plows and all, and all the people clean gone and decayed, and the churches down," the only men left being the neat-herd and the shepherd or the warrener and the shepherd. The distress ascribed in the petition to the king is surpassed if possible by another petition to the Council and the Lords of the Parliament.\* The total of the ploughs which had been thrown aside, the writer calculates at the incredible number of fifty thousand, each of which maintained six persons in labour, and produced food enough for them and seven and a half persons more; in all 675,000 persons, who were deprived of their labour or food, and thrown destitute upon the country.

The petition to Henry drew from him a Proclamation which confessed that the long continued scarcity was caused by the conversion of arable land into pasture, and the engrossing of farms by persons who neglecting tillage, devoted themselves solely to pasturing flocks. Charging these engrossers with being the enemies of the commonwealth, the proclamation commanded every man who intended to keep more farms than one, to bring again under the plough all lands which had been arable in the 1st of Henry. VII.

This failed, and was followed by an Act † which, recited in its preamble the many evils arising from excessive sheep-farming and engrossing, and then proceeded to devise remedies. In vain. Eighteen years later, another Act ‡ reiterated the miseries under which the people still suffered, many of whom fell "daily to theft, robbery, and other inconvenience, or pitifully died of hunger and cold," while a single farmer could keep as many as 24,000 sheep.§ Well might one of the most bitter opposers of the old state of things exclaim, "What a shame is this to the whole nation, that we say we have received the Gospel of Christ, and yet is it worse, now in this matter than it was fifty or three score

poral tyrants." — *The Complaint of Roderick More*, lf. 6, 7.

\* "Utopia" p. 41.

† "England in the Reign," &c., p. 72.

‡ See "Vox Populi, Ballads from MSS.," p. 127.

\* "Certayne Causes gathered together, wherein is shewed the Decay of England only by the great Multitude of Sheep, to the utter Decay of Household keeping, Maintenance of Men, Dearth of Corn, and other notable Discommodities, approved by Six Old Proverbs. Imprinted at London, at Poulis church yearde, at the sygne of Saynet Austen, by Hugh Syngelton." (Ab. 1552.)

† 7 Hen. VIII., c. 1.

‡ 25 Hen. VIII., c. 31.

§ See also 4 Hen. VII., c. 19; and 27 Hen. VIII., c. 22.

years ago, when we had but the Pope's law, as wicked as it was!"\*

The thousands of poor, "turned out of their shrouds as mice" by the mighty Nimrods who hunted for possessions and lordships, might well cry daily for vengeance;† but while "Lady Avarice" instigated the rich to plunder the poor, and the disorders of the times gave them the power, there was not much chance of redress. The "proverb lately sprung up," *No man amendeth himself; but every man seeketh to amend other*;‡ and Polidore Vergil's assertion that the English nation of all things doth least make account of the commonwealth,§ and the "common saying," "they care not whether they sink or swim,"|| are striking contrasts to the statements that "in the administration of all property whatsoever, duty to the State was at all times supposed to override private interest or inclination,"¶ and that the people "generally were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice, by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves."\*\* Men did not believe, or believing, did not care to act upon the truth that overmuch regard of private interest "is the manifest destruction of all good public and just policy." They were so blinded by their own pleasures and profits, that they "never considered" the public weal; they ceased to remember that their own destruction must follow upon their own deeds.†† They evaded the Acts of Parliament by every means in their power; that against pulling down houses, by repairing a single room for a shepherd: that commanding certain lands to be under the plough, by driving a single furrow across a field; that which forbade them to keep more than a certain number of sheep or cattle, by continuing to hold their stock in the names of their sons or their servants.‡‡ And then, when the commons rebelled, it was said that they lived in too much ease, that they daily grew to be gentlemen, that they forgot their position, that "provender pricked them," and that their horns must be cut shorter by raising their rents still higher, by increasing their fines, and by taking

away their commons.\* Still the "meane men" murmured and grudged, and said truly, "The gentleman have all; there were never so many gentlemen and so little gentleness."†

If the landowning classes were so unscrupulous in their observance of the laws, and so selfish that they paid no regard to the sufferings of those below them in the social scale, we shall not look for much virtue and uprightness in the law and the Church. Lawyers seem especially corrupt, from the highest to the lowest. "Proctors and brokers of both laws, who did more to trouble men's causes than to finish them justly, were too many; but good ministers of justice were few and far between.‡ As a rule they had little regard to a just and true administration of the law. "Lucre and affection" ruled all matters, and the proverb was in all men's mouths — "Matters be ended as they be friended." If the judge were the friend of him whose cause was before the court, it could hardly fail that he would gain his suit.§ In Latimer's time the saying was common that money was heard everywhere, and that the rich man soon saw the end of his matter, while others were fain to go home with weeping tears for any right they could obtain from the judge's hand. Bribery, he said, was a princely kind of thieving. The judges must have bribes from the rich, either to decide against the poor, or to put off the poor man's cause. Princes and magistrates accepted bribes under the name of "gentle rewards," which subverted justice everywhere and led men clean away from it.|| London was exhorted to look better to its choice of officers of the law. "How can drunkards, whoremongers, and covetous persons give right judgment?" They "suppressed the poor," they aided the rich for lucre, condemned the innocent, and set the guilty free.¶ It was thought natural for men to trouble one another, especially the widow and the fatherless, and such as lacked riches were always put to the worst, "by reason that the rich fillet the purse of the lawyers, which the poor is not able to do, and therefore his cause is not heard; for commonly the lawyer cannot understand the matter till he feel his money."\*\*

\* "The Complaynt of Roderyck Mors," &c., lf 7.

† B. Gilpin. A Sermon preached before K. Edward VI. 1552. Ed. 1630, p. 33.

‡ Ib., p. 41.

§ Quoted by Mr. Furnivall in "Ballads from MSS," p. 52.

|| "England in the Reign," &c., p. 85.

¶ Froude, l. 11.

\*\* Ib., p. 87. See also "Ballads from MSS," pp. 51, 52.

†† "England in the Reign," &c., pp. 65, 68.

‡‡ Froude, v. 112.

\* B. Gilpin, p. 41; Crowley's "Way to Wealth," &c. 1550.

† B. Gilpin, p. 41.

‡ "England in the Reign," &c., p. 83.

§ Ib., p. 86.

|| "Sermons." Ed 1844. Pp. 127, 139.

¶ "The Lamentacyon of a Christen agaynst the Cytie of London." 1545. lf 10.

\*\* "The Complaynt of Roderyck Mors," &c., lf 19.



The lawyers' desire of gain was considered to be a bait to set men by the ears. The bribery and oppression of the Augmentation Court and the Exchequer were so great that a man might as well enter into hell as into either, and they gave rise to the saying —

"Christ, for Thy bitter Passion,  
Save me from the Court of Augmentation."\*

Bernard Gilpin was no less clear in his charge against the men who were entrusted with the administration of the law. Mighty men, gentlemen, and all rich men, robbed and spoiled the poor to turn them out of their livings and from their right; and ever the weakest went to the wall. Tormented and spoiled at home, great numbers went to London, as to a place where justice could be found; but there was none to be had. The great men could not be reached without bribing their servants.† *All loved bribes.* "The lawyers laughed with the money which made others weep." Thus were the poor robbed on every side by men in authority, from whom there was no redress.‡ In another part of this sermon Gilpin says: —

"When Christ suffered his passion, there was one Barabbas, S. Matthew calleth him a notable thief, a gentleman-thief, such as rob now-a-days in velvet coats; and other two obscure thieves, and nothing famous; the rustical thieves were hanged, and Barabbas was delivered. Even so now-a-days the little thieves are hanged that steal of necessity, but the great Barabbases have free liberty to rob and to spoil without all measure in the midst of the city. . . . Alas,

\* "The Complaynt of Roderyck Mors," &c., ff. 20.

† In 1543, the Corporation of Faversham was involved in litigation concerning certain lands which had been left to the town by Henry Hatch, merchant-adventurer. The following extract from the Accounts of the Borough will show the various payments which they made on one account, including a bribe to the Lord Warden's servant: —

"John Webb—desyreth [to] be allowed the some following:—Fyrst, gyven to Master Sergeant Hales for the drawynge of the booke, xs. Afterwards gyven to thre Sergeants comynge together, & scannynge & debatynge the same booke to euerie of them vijs. viijd. Sum xs. Item, gyven to one of the syxe clerks of the chauncerye for to haue hys advys theron by the Sergeants appointment viij. vijd. Item, gyven to a scryvener for wrytyng fayer of certeyne petycyons to the kynge xxd. Item, gyven to one of my lorde Wardyns seruaunts to put hys Master in remembrance for our matters xijd. Item, gyven to thre Sergeants to looke ouer the booke a parte thome from the other euerie one vs. Sum xvs. Item, gyven to one of thre clerks for wrytyng fayer the booke ageyne lijs. liijd. Item, to the seid thre sergeants at an other tyme beyng all thre togethers to euerie of them lijs. liijd. a peece sum xs. Item, for the drawynge of the statute for Master Hatche's lands to a sergeant vs. Item, to a man of Counceyle Master Bastell for a draught whycho hymselfe also made lijs. liijd." Wardmote Book f. 37, M8.

‡ B. Gilpin, p. 30.

silly poor members of Christ! how you be shorn, oppressed, pulled, haled to and fro on every side. Who cannot but lament, if his heart be not of flint? There be a great number every term, and many continually, which lamentably complain for lack of justice, but all in vain. They spend that which they had left, and many times more: whose ill success here causeth thousands to tarry at home as beggars, and lose their right; and so it were better, than here to sell their coats: for this we see, be the poor man's cause never so manifest a truth, the rich shall for money find six or seven counsellors to stand with subtleties and sophisms to cloke an evil matter and hide a known truth."\*

The ballads tell the same story. No law for the poor. Everything was awry; their suits remained unheard; the rich man was sure to win, because he could pay. If the poor man stood at the door, he stood like an "Iceland cur."† If he went away and came again, he found his matter decided against him, and himself compelled to shoulder his spade, and seek a trade elsewhere.‡

"The rulers and ministers of justice  
That sometime spake for the common weal,  
Were all gone!"§

When Latimer and Gilpin felt compelled to lift up their voices against the evil, Edward was on the throne; but we have not scrupled to quote their evidence here, coming as it does so near the times of which we write. It was not to be expected that a reformation of morals would immediately succeed "a reformation of religion." If any did expect this, there can be no doubt that they were deceived. Only time, education, and a strict regard for right could bring our courts to that state of purity which becomes a civilized nation. Remedies were suggested in Henry's time, but they were impracticable, and most likely deemed undesirable. One proposed that certain lands should be set aside, and the incomes arising from them employed in paying the stipend of every man who sat on the bench as a judge or pleaded at the bar, that every man might live "like a lawyer and not like a lord, as they do with such goods as they have gotten by robbing the poor;" and he who took a penny from any man, was to lose his right hand, and be banished for ever from the bar.¶ Another proposal was, that any man prolonging a suit for his own gain, should

\* B. Gilpin, pp. 30, 31.

† "Fish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!"—*Hen. V.* ii. 1.

‡ Vox Populi, Ballads from MSS., &c., p. 187.

§ "The Ruyne of a Reame, Ballads," &c., p. 169.

¶ "The Complaynt of Roderyck Mors," &c., ff. 19.



be mulcted in the costs of both parties.\* Again it was said, if only those whose virtue, honesty, and learning were well known, were permitted to engage in the law, and such as possessed property of their own, "either land, office, or fee sufficient to maintain themselves withal," then there would not be so great robbery "as there is now, and the suits should not be so long entertained." †

To men so depraved and so corrupt was committed the carrying out of laws, the severity of which makes us shudder. Death was deemed too mild a punishment, because it did not deter men from committing crimes which, in many instances, they were compelled to commit, or die of want. "Great and horrible" punishments were appointed for thieves, but all in vain, because no penalty was severe enough to deter those from stealing who had no other craft. ‡ Some were wise enough to see that a more merciful and more effectual method would be to set these petty criminals to work in building the walls of cities, castles, and towns, § or in employing them in quarries and mines, || reserving the severer punishment for highway robbers and murderers. But while Henry was so constantly employed in hanging, drawing, and quartering, often for conscience sake, occasionally varying the order by substituting parboiling and boiling as a change, ¶ we need not wonder that thieves received little thought and less pity from those who were the arbiters of life and death.

It must have been, to men less hardened than they who played so prominent a part in these scenes, a horrible and ghastly sight to behold, wherever they turned their eyes, the awful and sickening evidences of the brutal severity of the law. Along the river were suspended the bodies of men and women who had been guilty of foul play to the foreigner. Tower-hill must have been one ooze of mud, mingled and streaked with the blood of the victims who there yielded up their lives to the fury of a king whose thirst for it could not be satisfied. And Tyburn, with its never-ending stream of culprits, who escaped the axe at Tower-hill or the fires of Smithfield, only to wind their slow and painful way from the various prisons of London, there to be hanged, and the hanging to be followed by the revolting dismembering, that

their yet quivering limbs, and heads, with the features scarcely set in death, might garnish a city gate till they putrified and dropped, mingling with the mud and filth below.

If, in considering the condition of the clergy during this period, we were to include the morality of the religious houses, we should have to wade through a huge mass of evidence relating to every abomination which man can commit, and every vice which the most depraved mind could conceive. Cardinal Morton's letter to the Abbot of St. Alban's, the Articles to be exhibited against the Abbot of Wigmore, and the "Letters Relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries," give such revolting pictures of some of the phases of monastic life, that nothing but an overwhelming sense of duty could justify any man in putting them into print. On all sides it is the same. *Ballads, Satires, Supplications, and Complaints*, no matter what form or title the writer chose for his work, the same horrible pictures are presented to view—now only dimly outlined, now painted in full, so that he who runs may read.

If a tithe of them were true, they were enough to condemn any body of men, no matter who they might be, or what position they might hold. So openly vicious was the life of these "religious" men, that they were not only an example to the laity, but almost the very "infants now born into the light perceived it plainly;" and Starkey deemed it to be more to the advantage of the country to permit bishops to continue to send their first-fruits to Rome than to be allowed to spend them on "whores and harlots" at home.\* Writers who were devoted to the overturning of this state of things use language still more plain, but we pass them over.

"The strong, puissant, counterfeit holy vagabonds," such as bishops, abbots, priests, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners, and somners, were supposed to possess more than a third part of the lands. They tithed meadows and pastures, corn, grass, wool, colts, calves, lambs, pigs, geese, and chickens; even the wages of the servants and the eggs of the henwife were not free. From each house in the country the five orders of friars are accused of taking fourpence yearly. †

\* "England in the Reign," &c., p. 191.

† "England in the Reign," &c., p. 191.

‡ "Utopia," p. 87; "England in the Reign," &c., pp. 119, 124, 137.

§ "England in the Reign," &c., p. 197.

¶ "Utopia," p. 47.

¶ See "Chronicle of the Grey Friars," p. 35.

\* "England in the Reign," &c., pp. 132, 200.

† According to Fish's calculations, this would amount to 43,333l. 6s. 8d., which multiplied by twelve (see Froude, l. 87), equals 520,000l. of our present money. The Annates or Firstfruits paid to Rome averaged about 45000l. per ann., and 45000l. x 12 = 540,000l. a year. See 23 Hen. VIII. c. 20.

The religious orders were thought to be too powerful even for the King. What an effect would like the following would have upon the temper of Henry we are hardly able to conceive:—

"Whate remedy: make lawes ageynst them? I am yn doubt whether ye be able: Are they not stronger in youre owne parliament house then your silfe? whate a nombre of Bisshopes, abbotes, and priours, are lordes of your parliament? are not all the lerned men in your realme in fee with them, to speake yn your parliament house for them against your crowne, dignite, and comon welth of your realme; a few of youre owne lerned counsell onely excepted? whate lawe can be made ageinst them that may be aduaylable?"\*

Bishops had prisons to which they had the power of committing any against whom they laid a charge of heresy. Richard Hunne's case was fresh in men's minds, and will remain so for many years to come. He had offended the clergy by disputing their right to a bearing sheet which they claimed in consequence of the death of one of his children. Sued in the Spiritual Courts, he had the hardihood to take out a writ of premunire against those who had attacked him. This only increased their anger, and they accused him of holding heretical opinions. In the end his body was found hanging from a hook fixed in the ceiling of his cell in the Lollard's Tower at St. Paul's to which he had been committed by the Bishop of London. Popular feeling ran so high that an inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder returned against Dr. Horsey, the Bishop's chancellor, and his summoner, as they who had charge of the prison. Nobody was punished, but there can be little doubt a severe blow was dealt against the pretensions of the clergy, whose malice was so implacable that death could not abate it: they convicted Hunne's dead body of heresy, and burnt it in Smithfield. A similar case occurred in the Bishop of Winchester's prison. In this case, as in Hunne's, "the matter was forged that he hanged himself,"† which may be true; but the people were in no humour to give the clergy the benefit of any reasonable doubt. The condition of the bishops' prisons, like that of all prisons then, was dreadful; their secrecy made them seem worse. Prisoners, it was suspected, were tormented; subtle means were employed to pervert them; and those who would not comply were thought to be murdered.

With the "forked dragons," as the bishops were called, it was death—death even for trifles. They were accused of following the high priests in crucifying Christ, and saying, "*Nos habemus legem et secundum legem nostram debet mori*: and this *mori*, this die, die, has never left the priests' mouths since."\*

The *Complaynt of R. Mors* refers to deeds committed after Henry set about his great work of reform. But the reform was so different from what men expected that, though he suppressed the abbey, to amend what was amiss, the amendment was something like that which the devil brought about when he mended the leg of his dam—"When he should have set it right he brake it in pieces."†

Another charge brought against the bishops was that they endeavoured to suppress the Bible. By some it was deemed "madness and folly" to persist in the refusal to give it to the people, but by others it was considered the high road to all that was bad,‡ and in 1540 Bonner was accused of poisoning one Porter for reading in the Bible. When the king commanded it to be placed in every church, it was urged that in many places it was placed in the choir or in some pew, where the poor were not likely to see it.

But these were perhaps minor matters. While the clergy were ever foremost in securing for themselves the revenues of the church, and while they "locked up the key of knowledge," they were hopelessly idle. Even in Latimer's days unpreaching prelates were so numerous that he had no hesitation in saying that if they could be seen in hell they would reach from here to Calais. Bernard Gilpin asserted that a thousand pulpits were covered with dust, some of which had not had four sermons for fifteen years, and few of those worthy the name. We do not allege these preachers to prove that matters were worse in Henry's reign; rather they prove that Edward's ecclesiastics "bare the bell" for neglecting their duty in this respect. In his days, it was said that there was entering into England more blind ignorance, superstition, and infidelity than ever was under the Bishop of Rome. The realm was in danger of becoming more barbarous than Scythia.§

In the 21st Henry VIII. an act was passed to bring the scandals caused by

\* "The Complaynt," &c., lf. 24.

† *Ib.* lf. 18.

‡ "England in the Reign," &c., pp. 135, 136, 211, 213.

§ B. Gilpin, "Sermon," &c., pp. 23, 25.

\* "Supplication of Beggars."

† "The Complaynt," &c., lf. 24.

non-residence and pluralities somewhat within bounds. But the church element was too strong to allow the act to be so framed as to serve any useful end. Vested rights, and privileges accorded to rank, left loopholes enough to satisfy the most unscrupulous.

"There is a lawe made in this your noble realme, that all spirituall parsons of youre counsell maye haue thre benefices with cure. And all of the chaplaynes of the Kyng, Quene, pryncce, prynces, or of any of the Kyngs children, brethren, sisters, vncles and auntes, maye haue lycence to haue two benefices with cure. Euery duke, marques, erle, vycounte, archiepysschope, bysschope, with dyuers other estates, as well men as women, maye haue two chaplaynes which maye haue two benefices with cure. And also dyuerse other degres of scole maye haue euery one two benefices with cure; so that ouer one of his cures, although he take his profyttes, yet from that he muste needes be no [a] resydent; and, peraduenture, to bothe he wilbe no feeder nor teacher. And also, in the same estatute, all attendance in the courtes and all other attendaunces vpon suche noble and worshipfull men which be lycenced to haue chaplaynes, maye be not resydent; yea pylgrymes, in the tyme of goynge and comynge from their pylgrymage, be by that estatute dyspenced to be non resydent. O Lorde, where was the lyght of thy worde, which shulde haue bene written in the hartes of the makers of that estatute?"\*

While benefices were only looked upon as livings to be given away at pleasure, to men who knew not what either honour, virtue, godliness, or learning was; to "images and idols," bearing only the outward semblance of bishops or pastors: to surveyors, receivers of rents, falconers, and gardeners; to drunkards and gamesters, many of whom lived like heathen princes, in castles surrounded by parks of deer, fish-ponds, and rabbit warrens; using their riches to make friends at court, or else in extravagant building, sumptuous and delicate fare, well apparelled servants, and trim-decked horses, thus testifying their lordliness who professed to be the servants of Him who had not where to lay His head; it is no wonder that they were regarded as thieves and robbers, whose only study was to kill and destroy the people committed to their charge.† These and such as these made the very name hated or despised by the people, and encouraged the more bold to declare that never, during the life of any living man,

had there ever been a Christian Bishop in London; that every one had been worse than his predecessor, till they had got to be so bad that there could not be a worse, unless Lucifer, the Father of all Bishops, should himself become the Right Reverend Father in God of that important See.\* Their eagerness to encourage every delusion and every impostor who saw "visions" which told against the king and against the course he was pursuing, brought many of them to the gallows or the block, and hastened the downfall of their system. It was time they were gone. A change which might end in the purification of the country, but which could hardly be expected to end in a condition of things worse than that which then prevailed, must of necessity produce much suffering and distress. The system had done its work. So long as the church was true to her exalted mission, so long as she was the defender of the people against the oppression of kings and barons, and so long as she was the well from which religion, morality, and learning flowed in a clear stream, man could not, had he desired, overthrow it. In Henry's days relative conditions of priests and people were altered. The people had begun to feel that they possessed a power which neither baron nor king could afford to despise. Learning was reviving and spreading far and wide, and men were beginning to understand why they lived. But the clergy were sunk in every conceivable vice, were ignorant beyond conception, covetous beyond description; cruel, superstitious, and irredeemably bad.

Thus we have seen a nobility and gentry ever aiming at getting the land into their own power, and repudiating all the duties which pertained to it; lawyers and judges perverting justice, and only listening to those who offered the greatest bribes; and a Church which had forgotten every one of its sacred functions. The condition of the poor will now occupy our attention for a brief period.

Of the middle class, as we should now call them, there were few, and they a rapidly decreasing number. As the small farms were absorbed, and the commons enclosed, the gulf between the rich and the poor was widened and deepened. The rich became very rich, and the poor became very poor. We have already quoted Mr. Froude's statement concerning the free admission to the tables of the pros-

\* "A Supplycacion to our Most Soveraigne Lorde," &c.  
† lb.

\* "The Lamentacyon of a Christen agaynst the Cytie of London," &c. 1542.

perous enjoyed by the poor, but in our rapid survey of the condition of the rich we have failed to find any evidence in support of so comfortable a belief. We are impressed with the conviction that the reigns of Henry and his son witnessed such an amount of poverty, sickness, oppression, and misery that has rarely been seen and never surpassed since.

The causes which brought about this misery were various, and have already been touched upon more than once in the course of our remarks. The cultivation of the land, which heretofore had employed and maintained, not in affluence, but with all necessities, the great bulk of the people, was suddenly suspended. Thousands, most likely millions, of acres which had been under the plough from time out of mind, were all at once converted to pasture, to meet the new and increasing demand for English wool. The extravagant habits of the land-owning classes rendered them only too glad to welcome any change which would tend to relieve them from their monetary difficulties, and give them the means to procure fresh pleasures, and to indulge in new fancies. So the ploughs were banished from the farms, and with them the ploughmen and their families, and all who had spent their years in tilling the soil. What had been populous and thriving hamlets and villages and busy towns, were, in a short time, converted into wastes. The cottages were pulled down, and the churches turned into shelters for the sheep, which now roamed in vast flocks over what had been the busy haunts of men.\* Landlords were accused of practising more than a "Turkish tyranny," which compelled honest householders to become followers of less honest men's tables; which brought honest matrons to the "needy rock and cards;" which compelled "men-children of good hope in the liberal

sciences, and other honest qualities, whereof the land had great lack," to labour at menial occupations that they might "sustain their parents' decrepit age and miserable poverty." Forward children shook off the yoke of godly authority, and ran headlong into all kinds of wickedness, finally "garnishing galowe trees." Modest and chaste virgins, lacking a dowry, were compelled to pass their days in servitude, or else "to marry to perpetual miserable poverty;" while the immodest and the wanton became the denizens of Bankside, ending their miserable lives in the streets. Universal destruction was said to have befallen "this noble realm, by this outrageous and unsatiable desire of the surveyors of lands."\*

Another cause of this extreme distress was the suppression of the religious houses, which, even in their worst days, must have relieved an enormous number of poor. Whether charity was wisely bestowed, is another thing. No doubt then as now the professional beggar wandered from house to house without any visible means of obtaining a livelihood, and without any intention of gaining it by honest labour. But there were other poor, especially the diseased, who depended for all they required upon the charity of the abbeyes. When the king had suppressed these establishments, and absorbed their revenues, he did not set apart any portion of the sequestered incomes to the relief of poverty. This is evident from the writings of men who were forced into the confession, that in this respect the new order of things fell very far short of the old. The advantages of the old system are graphically described by Brinklow. If it had not been "for the faith's sake," it had been more profitable to the commonwealth that the lands had still remained in the abbots' hands. "For why? They never enhanced their rents, nor took so cruel fines as do our temporal tyrants."† And again:—

"Though they (the monks) were not learned they kept hospitality, and helped their poor friends. And if the parsonage were impropriated, the monks were bound to deal alms to the poor, and to keep hospitality, as the writings of the gifts of such parsonages and lands do plainly declare in these words,—*In puram elemosinam*. And as touching the alms that they dealt, and the hospitality that they kept, every man knoweth that many thousands were

\* "Utopia," p. 41; "England in the Reign," &c., pp. 70, 72. See also Now-a-days in "Ballads from MSS.," p. 97:—

"Envy waxeth wondrous strong,  
The rich doth the poor wrong;  
God of his mercy suffereth long  
The devil his works to work  
The towns go down, the land decays;  
Of cornfields, plain lays;  
Great men maketh now-a-days  
A sheepcot of the church.

"The places that we right holy call,  
Ordained for Christian burial,  
Of them to make an ox's stall  
These men be wondrous wise.  
Commons to close and keep;  
Poor folk for bread to cry and weep;  
Towns pulled down to pasture sheep;  
This is the new guise."

\* "An Informacion and Peticion agaynst the oppressions of the pore Commons of this Realme," 154—?

† "The Complaynt," &c., ll. 7.

well relieved of them, and might have been better, if they had not had so many great men's horses to feed, and had not been overcharged with such idle gentlemen as were never out of abbeys. . . . But now that the abbeys, with all their lands, goods, and impropriated parsonages, be in temporal men's hands, *I do not hear tell that one halfpenny worth of alms, or any other profit cometh unto the people of those parishes where such parsonages and vicarages be.* . . . Now, where twenty pound was given yearly to the poor in more than a hundred places in England, is not one meal's meat given. This is a fair amendment!"\*

When the monks were turned out, it was thought that

"the 'poor commons' would be the gainers by the change. 'But, alas, they failed of their expectation, and are now in more penury than ever they were.' Although the monks got the devotions of the charitable, yet the poor impotent creatures had some relief from their scraps; but now they have nothing. Then had they hospitals and almshouses to be lodged in, but now they lie and starve in the streets. Then was their number great, but now much greater.' Instead of sturdy monks, sturdy extortioners had stepped in, who so oppressed the 'poor commons' that many thousands who had before lived honestly and well, bringing up their children in profitable employment, were now constrained to beg, borrow, or rob. Their children grew up in idleness;—the submissive 'to bear wallets,' the sturdy 'to stuff prisons, and garnish gallows-trees.'"<†

Even the almshouses were shut against the poor:—

"Alas, syr (quod the pore man),  
we are all turned oute,  
And lye and dye in corners,  
here and there aboute.  
Men of greate riches  
have boughte our dwellinge place,  
And when we crave of them,  
they turne awaye their face."<‡

If any man dared to complain of this kind of "amendment," he was called traitor, and reminded of the "Thirteenth Article of our Creed, added of late," which was, I believe "that whatsoever the Parliament doth must needs be well done; and the Parliament, or any proclamation out of the Parliament, cannot err."§

The ranks of the destitute were largely increased by disabled soldiers. Having done their duty in the field of battle, or lost their health in consequence of the privations they had undergone, these men

were cast upon the country, and the unable were added to the disbanded, who were generally unwilling to follow the crafts to which they had been brought up. The trains of idle servants kept by noblemen, bishops, and gentlemen, were another source of supply. When a master died or became too poor, or when the servants fell ill, they were "incontinent thrust out of doors either to starve for hunger or manfully to play the thieves."\*

The number of men in the country who were living a life unprofitable to the State, was calculated at a third of the population.† England had been the wealthiest Isle in Christendom, but now, instead of "great riches and liberality," were found "great wretchedness and poverty," and for "great abundance of things necessary, great scarceness and poverty, and a greater number of beggars than any other country could show."‡ Rents had risen three times higher than they were; all kinds of food were dearer; clothing was dearer;§ but the king's purveyors still took at the old rates thrice the quantity of goods required, selling the overplus for their own advantage. If the henwife carried a fowl to market for which she gave fourpence, the purveyors took it for twopence. The butterwife's butter which stood her in threehalfpence, was taken from her, "dish and all," for a penny; and then, instead of ready money, she received a tally, and sometimes was never paid. Men were compelled "to leave their plow and harvest to serve the King with their carts"—but what "is ij pens for a myle? Thei had bene better to haue seruyd the kyng for ij pens a myle over iij yerys, than now for iiij pens."|| In the country, the poor could not tarry without becoming the slaves of the rich, and labouring for them till their "hearts burst."¶

The industrious poor were driven from their homes—"men and women, husbands and wives, fatherless children, widows, woful mothers with their babes, small in substance but many in number—whither should they go? Without a resting-place,

\* "Utopia," p. 33.

† "England in the Reign," &c., p. 77.

‡ Ib. p. 89.

§ Ib., p. 175; "The Complaynt," &c., ff. 15.

|| "The Complaynt," &c., ff. 16. The question of prices is very obscure. Brinklow values a "henne at iiij pens and above." In 1523-4 the Corporation of Faversham supplied the Lord Warden with three capons, for which the Chamberlain's charge was three shillings. In 1542-4 the Lord Warden again partook of capons—this time two couples which cost 3s. 8d.; and "2 dozen chickens, 2 dozen capons, and a sieve of cherries given to the king." In the same year, are entered as having cost ff. 16s. 4d.

¶ Crowley's "Way to Wealth," 1550.

\* "The Complaynt," &c., ff. 23.

† "A Supplication to the Poore Commons," 1546.

‡ Crowley's "Epigrams," ff. 8.

§ "The Complaynt," &c., ff. 22.



compelled to sell their small stock of goods for what they would fetch, they wandered from town to town, from shire to shire, with no remedy but to steal and be hanged, or to beg and get cast into prison as vagabonds whom no man would set to work.\* Such as these must have doubled the number of idle and sick poor, who had lost the charity on which they depended when the monasteries were suppressed.

To endeavour to hide their poverty from the prying eyes of the country, perhaps hoping to find some redress for the cruel hardships which they had to bear, these hordes of miserables turned their faces towards London, which was "one of the flowers of the world touching worldly riches." Yet it had the "true image of Christ"—the poor, the sick, the blind, the lame, and prisoners in abundance. There were poor people innumerable, who were forced to go from door to door, or to sit openly begging in the streets, while many, unable to move out of their houses, lay and died because the rich did not aid them.† Those who obtained office in the City spent their riches upon noblemen, aldermen, and rich commoners, heedless of the suffering and starvation which was around them, or only heeding them enough to send a few scraps and bones to Newgate.‡ Every day the people famished in consequence of the misappropriation of the funds of religious houses.§ When Crowley thought of these innumerable "able bodied" poor, and the alleys in which they huddled at night, it made his "heart weep."|| And well it might, to see these poor, feeble, blind, halt, lame, sickly old fathers, poor widows, and young children, mingling with the idle and dissembling vagabonds, and creeping about the miry streets of London and Westminster, picking up a precarious living by day, and perchance enough to pay their lodgings in those horrible alleys which aldermen owned, and from which they derived no inconsiderable rents.¶

But worse remains. It was bad enough to be driven from home to wander along the highways or lie in the streets of London dying of want; but when the "fierce Poor Law," enacted in the later months of 1547, came into operation, the condition of these wretched outcasts must have become far worse than death. Any man or

woman found lurking in any house, or wandering idly by the highways, or in the streets of any city, town, or village for three days together without offering to work for mere meat and drink, or running away from their labour, might be brought by the master or any other person before two justices, who had the power to burn into his or her breast, with a hot iron, the letter V, and adjudge him or her to be the slave of the informer; "To have and to hold the said slave to him, his executors or assigns, for the space of two years," "only giving the said slave bread and water, or small drink, and such refuse of meat as he shall think meet." And the master was empowered to "cause the slave to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise, in such work and labour, how vile soever it be, as he shall put him unto." If the "slave" found his service too hard, and ran away or absented himself for fourteen days without his master's leave, the master might punish him "by chains and beating;" and if he chose to prove the fault by two witnesses before two justices of the peace, "the same justices shall cause such slave or loiterer to be marked on the forehead, or the ball of the cheek, with a hot iron, with the sign of an S, that he may be known for a loiterer and runaway, and shall adjudge the loiterer and runaway to be the said master's SLAVE for ever." If the slave ran away or absented himself for the second time, he was to be attainted, or otherwise condemned to suffer pains of death, as other felons ought to do.\* Thus it fared with men and women, fathers and mothers. A government which could deal this measure of mercy to parents was not likely to remain unmindful of their children; and the Act, having provided for the former, proceeds to make fatherly provision for the latter. Any manner of person was permitted to take children between five and fourteen years of age from any wayfaring beggar, whether the mother, nurse, or keeper of the child be willing or not. Taken before certain local authorities, they adjudged the child to be the servant or apprentice of him who brought it—if a boy, till he reached the age of nineteen, if a girl, to that of twenty. If the child ran away from his master or mistress once or twice, "Then it shall be lawful for every such master to take the said child again, and to keep and punish the said child in chains or otherwise, and use him or her as his

\* "Utopia," pp. 41, 42; "Certayne Causes," &c.; "The Complaynt," &c., lf. 7.

† "The Lamentacyon," &c., lf. 9.

‡ *Ib.*

§ Crowley's "Epigrams," lf. 5.

|| *Ib.*, 7.

¶ *Ib.*

\* 1 Edward VI. cap. 3, quoted in "Ballads from MSS.," pp. 122-3.



slave in all points for the time before rehearsed of the age of such child.\* Section 4 of this precious piece of Protestant Poor Law gives permission to the masters of men or women who have been adjudged slaves, or of children who have been adjudged apprentices or servants the power "to let, set forth, sell, bequeath, or give the service of such slaves or servants," to any person or persons whatsoever. Once more. It was declared lawful to every one owning a slave "to put a ring of iron about his neck, arm, or his leg, for a more knowledge and surety of keeping of him." If any person assisted in the removal of one of these rings without permission of the master, he was to forfeit ten pounds sterling.† It should be remembered that the men who passed this statute were the men who rejoiced in having delivered the country from the tyranny of the Church, and that Cranmer was Archbishop of Canterbury and Latimer Bishop of Worcester. Before the next decade had passed away a terrible vengeance had overtaken most of the men who set their hands to a slave law, as iniquitous as any which ever disgraced a civilized country.

Oppressed, neglected, starving, the morals of the people were of the lowest. Perhaps one of the most repulsive pictures we have of the drinking habits which prevailed and degraded all classes of society is that attributed to Skelton.‡ Without describing this famous "Ale-wife," it may not prove out of place to notice a few of her customers, and the articles which they brought in exchange for ale. Kate, Cicily, and Sarah, with jagged kirtles and ragged smocks, their clothes in tatters, brought "dishes and platters." Some brought honey, some salt, some spoons. Others seem to have stripped themselves of their "hose and shoon." While "a skillet or pot," "Leominster wool," meal, girdles, wedding-rings, hoods, flax, tow, needles, thimbles, skeins of thread, beans, bacon, a cradle, frying-pans, "a cantle of Essex cheese full of maggots," fruits, poultry, pillows,—everything that could be worn or used,—nothing was too hot or too heavy to be brought to this woman and be accepted by her in payment for ale.§ The rich man solaced himself with his gal-

lon of wine which cost him, or the town which had the doubtful honour of entertaining him, a shilling; and the poor man, and the "ladies of Bankside," drowned their troubles in a gallon of ale, which cost three-halfpence. Alehouses, in every hamlet, village, and town, were places of waste and excess, in addition to being a refuge for the idle. They were so placed that a man could not go to church without passing them. Those who had no mind to hear their faults told in church, turned into the alehouse and spent the time there which should have been spent in religious exercises.\*

We have said enough of the vices of the rich to show what the poor might be expected to be in this matter. If we quote what Bradford said, we shall have written all that is required on this painful subject:—"All men may see if they will, that the whoredom, pride, unmercifulness, and tyranny of England far surpasses any age that ever was before."†

Mr. Froude says,— "Looking, therefore, at the state of England as a whole, I cannot doubt that under Henry the body of the people were prosperous, well-fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort they were as well off as they had ever been before; better off than they have ever been in later times."‡ In this estimate we cannot agree. Rather we should say that during, and for long after, this reign, the people were in the most deplorable condition of poverty and misery of every kind. That they were ill-fed, that loyalty was at its lowest ebb, that discontent was rife throughout the land. "In all points of material comfort" we think they were worse off than they had ever been before, and infinitely worse off than they have ever been since the close of the sixteenth century,—a century in which the cup of England's woes was surely fuller than it has ever been since, or will, we trust, ever be again. It was the century in which this country and its people passed through a baptism of blood as well as a "baptism of fire," and out of which they came holier and better. The epithet which should be inscribed over the century is contained in a sentence written by the famous Ascham in 1547:—*Nam vita, quæ nunc vivitur a plurimis, non vita sed miseria est.*

\* Ib. Sec. 3.

† Ib. Sec. 16.

‡ "But, alas! many curates, That should us this tell, Do all their parishioners In drinking excel."

Crowley's "Epigrams," lf. 17.

§ "Elynor Rymyn. Harl. Misc." 1. 415.

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\* Crowley's "Epigrams," lf. 6. In London, no ale-house door was "up" for men "to fill can and cup" during the hours of Divine Service.

† "Sermon on Repentance," 1538.

‡ "History," 1. 96.

## \*CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning—it was Sunday morning—Bräsig awoke, and lay stretching himself in the soft bed—"A pleasure," he said to himself, which I have never allowed myself before, but which is very agreeable. However, it is mainly from the novelty of the thing; one would soon get tired of it;" and he was on the point of getting up, when Frau Pastorin's maid-servant whisked in at the door, seized his clothes with one grasp, and ran off with them, leaving in their place a black coat and black trousers, and a black vest, lying on the chair.

"Ho, ho!" laughed he, looking at the black suit. "It is Sunday, and this is the parsonage; can it be possible they think I am going to preach to-day?" He lifted one garment after another, and said, at last, "Now I understand! It is only because of the ditch yesterday; because my own clothes are so wet and dirty, I must make myself comfortable in the Herr Pastor's. Well, here goes!"

But it didn't go quite so easily, and as for being comfortable that was out of the question. The clothes were long enough, to be sure, but as for breadth, he found close quarters in the Herr Pastor's trousers, it was utterly impossible to button the lower buttons of the vest, and when he put on the coat, it cramped him dreadfully between the shoulder-blades, and his arms stood out from his body, as if he were ready on this Sunday morning, to press the whole world to his honest heart.

So he went down stairs to the Frau Pastorin, his legs turned outward, as was his usual manner of walking since he had been pensioned; but his arms also were turned outward now, and the Frau Pastorin had to laugh heartily; but retreated behind the breakfast table, as Bräsig came towards her, with open arms, as if she were to be the first subject of the world-embrace.

"Don't come near me, Bräsig!" cried she. "If I had dreamed that you would cut such a ridiculous figure in my good, old Pastor's clothes, you should have stayed in bed till noon, for it will be as late as that before yours are washed and dried."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Bräsig, "was that the reason? And I was flattering myself that you sent me the Pastor's clothes that I might be more pleasing in your eyes at our rendezvous this morning."

"Just listen to me, Bräsig!" said the Frau Pastorin, with a face red as fire. "I

will have no such joking as that! And if you go round in the neighborhood—you have nothing else to do now, but carry stories from one to another—and tell about last evening, and that confounded rendezvous, I'll have nothing more to say to you."

"Frau Pastorin, what do you take me for?" cried Bräsig, advancing upon her again, with outspread arms, so that she took refuge a second time behind the table. "You need not be afraid of me, I am no Jesuit."

"No, Bräsig, you are an old heathen, but you are no Jesuit. But you must tell something. Oh, dear! Habermann must know, my Pastor says so himself. But when he asks you about it, you can leave me out of the story. Only think, if the Pomuchelskops should get hold of it, I should be the most miserable woman in the world. Oh, heaven help us! And I did it only in the kindness of my heart, for that innocent child, Bräsig. I have sacrificed myself for her."

"That you have, Frau Pastorin," said Bräsig, earnestly, "and therefore don't worry yourself about it the least in the world; for, you see, if Karl Habermann asks me what we were doing there, then I can say—then—I will say you had appointed a rendezvous with myself."

"With you? For shame, Bräsig!"

"Now, Frau Pastorin, am I not as good as that greyhound? And surely our years are more suited to each other!" And with that Bräsig looked up as innocently, as if he had thought of the best excuse in the world. The Frau Pastorin looked keenly in his honest face, and folded her hands thoughtfully on her lap, and said, "Bräsig, I will trust you. But, Bräsig, dear Bräsig, manage it as quietly as you can. And now come, sit down, and drink a cup of coffee." And she grasped one of his stiff arms, and turned him round to the table, as a miller turns about a wind-mill to the wind.

"Good!" said Bräsig, taking the cup, which he held out with his stiff arm as if he were a sleight-of-hand performer, and the cup a hundred-pound weight, and he was holding it before an appreciative public in the open air; he tried to seat himself also; but as he bent his knees something cracked, and he sprang up,—whether it was the Pastor's chair, or the Pastor's trousers, he did not know; but he drank his coffee standing, and said, "It was just as well; he could not wait long, for he must go to Rexow, to Frau Nüssler."

[\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Littell & Gay, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

All the Frau Pastorin's entreaties that he would wait till his own clothes were dried were of no avail, Frau Nüssler's least wish was for him a command, registered in the memorandum book of his conscience, and so he sailed off, — the long, black flaps of the priestly garment flying behind him in the summer morning, — toward Pumpelhaven and Rexow, slowly and heavily, like the crows we used to catch, when I was a boy, and then let fly again.

He came to Pumpelhaven, and there he was accosted by Habermann, who saw him over the garden fence. "Good heavens, Zachary, how you look!"

"The result of circumstances, Karl! You know I fell into the mud, last night, — but I haven't time, I must go to your sister."

"Bräsig, my sister's business can afford to wait better than mine, I have noticed for some time, there has been a great deal going on behind my back, which I was to know nothing of. That wasn't so much; but, since last night, I am sure that the Herr Pastor and the Frau Pastorin know all about the matter, and if they are keeping anything from me, I know it can be merely out of kindness."

"You are right, Karl; it is out of kindness," interrupted Bräsig.

"I am sure of it, Bräsig, and I am not disposed to be suspicious, but for some time it has lain heavy on my heart that this is a matter which concerns me very nearly. What did you have to do with the business last evening?"

"I, Karl? I only had a rendezvous with the Frau Pastorin, in the water-ditch."

"What did the Herr Pastor have to do with it?"

"Karl, we did not know anything about it, he surprised us."

"What had the Herr von Rambow to do with it?"

"He caught your greyhound by the collar, because I had tumbled into the ditch."

"What had Fritz Triddelsitz to do with the business?" asked Habermann with terrible emphasis. "And what had Louise's hat and shawl to do with it?"

"Only this Karl, that they didn't fit the Frau Pastorin at all well, because she is much too large for them."

"Zachary," said Habermann, reaching his hand over the fence, "these are merely evasions. Will you not tell me, — and we such old friends, — or dare you not tell me?"

"Karl — the devil take the whole rendezvous business, and the Frau Pastorin's worry besides!" cried Bräsig, and grasped Habermann's hand across the fence, and shook it in the tall nettles that grew by the fence, until both were stung, and drew back. "Karl, I will tell you. The Pastor will tell you himself — why shouldn't I? Your Fritz Triddelsitz, the cursed greyhound, loved you, doubtless because you have been like a father to him, and now his love has gone on to Louise, for love always goes on, for instance, mine for your sister and Mining."

"Bräsig, speak seriously."

"Am I not speaking seriously, when I speak of your sister and Mining?"

"I know that," said Habermann, reaching after Bräsig's hand again, in spite of the nettles, "but what had Franz to do with it all?"

"For all I know, he may love you too, for your fatherly kindness, and for all I know, his love may have gone on to your daughter."

"That would be a misfortune!" cried Habermann. "a great misfortune! To put that right again, is more than I can do; the Lord himself must help us!"

"I don't know about that, Karl; he has two estates —"

"Not a word, Zachary: come in, and tell me all you know."

And when Bräsig had told all that he knew, and was again under way, and steering toward Rexow, Habermann stood looking after him and talking to himself: "He is a good fellow, his heart is in the right place; and, if I found it was really so, I should like it right well, — but — but —" He did not mean Bräsig this time, however, he meant Franz.

On this Sunday morning young Jochen was sitting, about breakfast time, in his usual chimney-corner, and in his arm-chair. Lining and Mining had spread the table for breakfast, and had brought in the dishes of ham, and sausage, and bread, and butter, and when all stood ready on the table, Frau Nüssler herself came in, and set down a platter of hot scrambled eggs, saying: "There, Jochen, don't let it get cold!" and went out again, to see about some thing or other.

The eggs were still crackling in the dish, — they were really splendid — but young Jochen did not stir. Whether it was, that he had not yet smoked out his pipe, and wanted to finish it, or that he was lost in thought over two letters, which were lying in his lap, he did not stir, and his eyes remained fastened upon

one particular spot. And on this spot, under the stove, close by him, lay young Bauchan, looking at his master. Young Bauchan was the latest new-comer of the whole Bauchan race, which had been brought up and weaned in the house, since old Jochen's time; when one spoke to him he was called "Bauchan," but when one spoke of him, he was called the "Thronfolger" (crown-prince,) not on his own account, but on Jochen's account, because, so far as anybody could recollect, this was the only joke he had ever perpetrated.

So, as I said before, these two young people, young Jochen and young Bauchan, sat and looked at each other, each thinking his own thoughts; young Jochen's suggested by his letters, and young Bauchan's by the savory smell which came to his nose. Jochen did not move, but the crown-prince stroked himself with his paw over his thoughtful face, his nose grew sharper, and the nostrils quivered, he crept out from under the stove, put on a courteous mien, and made his compliments to young Jochen with his tail. Young Jochen took no notice, and young Bauchan inferring that everything was in its usual condition, went nearer to the table, looked round sideways, more after Frau Nüssler than for young Jochen, then laid his head against the table and indulged in blessed hopes, as young folks will. Hope kept him quiet for a time, but—one really needs something more substantial, for one's stomach,—the crown-prince returned to put his two paws—merely the fore paws—in a chair, and bring himself a little nearer. His nose came directly over the dish containing the red bacon, and—now, young folks—Bauchan snapped at it, exactly as we should in our youthful days, when a pair of red lips smiled up to us; and—just like us—he was frightened, in an instant, at his wickedness, and crept away, but—that I should have to say it! with the bacon in his teeth.

"Bauchan!" cried young Jochen, as impressively as the mother, who keeps guard over the red lips; but for all that, he did not move; meanwhile Bauchan—whether that as crown-prince he believed himself possessed of a species of regal right over all the red lips in his realm, or that he was so spoiled that even such a sweet, clandestine titbit made no impression upon him—looked Jochen boldly in the face, licked his chops, and hankered for more. Jochen looked him right in the eye, but did not stir, and after a little while Bauchan got up again on a chair, this time with his hind legs, and ate up a plate full of sau-

sage. "Bauchan!" cried Jochen. "Mining, Bauchan is eating up the sausage!" but he didn't stir. The crown-prince bestirred himself, however, and when he had made way with the sausage, he addressed himself to his chief dainty, the dish of scrambled eggs. "Mother, mother!" cried young Jochen, "he is eating up the eggs!" But young Bauchan had burned his moist nose against the hot dish, he started back, upset the platter, knocked the Kümmel bottle over with his tail, and disordered the whole table, young Jochen never stirring the while, only calling from his corner, "Mother, mother! The confounded dog! he is eating up our eggs!"

"What are you roaring about, young Jochen, in your own house;" cried one, who just then entered the door, but it was such a singular figure, that Jochen was frightened. He let his pipe fall from his mouth, in his terror, put out both hands before him, and cried, "All good spirits praise the Lord! Herr Pastor, is it you, or, Bräsig, is it you?"

Yes, it was Bräsig, at least one who looked at him near enough, and had time to consider, would recognize the yellow-topped boots as belonging to an inspector's uniform, but Jochen had no time to consider, for the figure which entered the door at once perceived Bauchan's misdeeds, and ran into every corner of the room, in search of a stout stick for the crown-prince's back, and behind him fluttered in the air two long, long black coat-tails, like the wings of a dragon, and out of the high black coat-collar, and under the high black hat, which had slipped down half over his eyes, shone a red, angry face, as if a chimney-sweep had taken a glowing coal in his mouth, to frighten the children. Young Jochen was no longer a child, to be sure, but yet he was frightened, he had started up, and held on with both hands to the arms of his chair, and exclaimed alternately, "Herr Pastor! Bräsig! Bräsig! Herr Pastor!" and the crown-prince, who was still in his childhood, was terribly frightened, he also ran into all the corners, and howled, and could not get out of the room, for the door was shut, and when the black figure beat him with the yellow stick—necessity works wonders—he sprang through the window sash, and took half the glass along with him.

This made uproar enough to raise the dead, why, then, should not Frau Nüssler hear it in the kitchen? and, just as she opened the door, Bräsig was shoving up his hat with one hand, and pointing with

the other, still holding the stick, to the broken window, while he uttered the remarkable words, "You can thank nobody but yourself, young Jochen! For what does the dumb creature of a crown-prince understand? All the beautiful Kümmel!"

"Good heavens!" cried Frau Nüssler, coming in. "What is all this, Jochen? Bless me, Bräsig, how you look!"

"Mother," said young Jochen, "the dog and Bräsig — what can I do about it?"

"For shame, young Jochen," cried Bräsig, going up and down the room with great strides, his long coat-tails almost dipping in the Kümmel, "who is master of this house, you, or young Bauschan?"

"But, Bräsig, why in the world are you dressed so horribly?" asked Frau Nüssler.

"So?" said Bräsig, looking at her with great eyes, "suppose you had gone to a rendezvous with the Frau Pastorin, last night, and tumbled into the ditch, so that your clothes were all damp and muddy, this morning? And suppose you got a letter, that you must come here to Rexow, to a family council? And what was I to do? Is it my fault that the Herr Pastor is as tall as Leuerenz's child, and as thin as a shadow, and that his head is so much bigger than mine? Why did the Frau Pastorin rig me out in his uniform this morning, so that all the old peasants going to church called out to me, from a distance, 'Good morning, Herr Pastor!' but that I might come here, out of pure kindness, to your family council?"

"Bräsig," said young Jochen, "I swear to you —"

"Don't swear, young Jochen! You will swear yourself into hell. Do you call this a family council, with all the Kümmel running about the room, and I in the Pastor's clothes, to be made a laughing-stock of?"

"Bräsig, Bräsig," exclaimed Frau Nüssler, who scarcely knew her old friend in his anger, and who had been picking up the broken fragments and setting the table-cloth straight, "don't mind such a trifle! Sit down, it is all right again, now."

Under Frau Nüssler's friendly words, Bräsig quieted down, and allowed himself to be seated at the breakfast-table, only growling to himself, "The devil knows, young Jochen, I have always lived in the hope that you would grow a little wiser with years, but, I see well, what is dyed in the wool will never wash out. Meanwhile though — what is the matter here?"

"Yes," said Frau Nüssler — "Yes," said

Jochen also, and his wife was silent, for she thought Jochen was really going to say something; he said nothing, however, but "It is all as true as leather." So Frau Nüssler began again: "Yes, there is Rector Baldrian's Gottlieb, Jochen's sister's son, a right good fellow, and well-educated, and has studied his Articles as a Candidate — you have seen him here a great many times."

"Yes," nodded Bräsig, "a right nice young fellow, a sort of Pietist, combed his hair behind his ears, and instructed me that I did wrong to go fishing Sunday morning."

"Yes, that is the one. And he has got through with his schooling, and the Rector wants us to take him here, for a while, till he studies some last things into his head, and we wanted to ask you what we should do about it."

"Why not? The Pietists are quiet people, their only peculiarity is their love of instructing; and you, Frau Nüssler, are likely to give them opportunity for it, and young Jochen, too, — God be praised! — since he will not allow himself to be instructed by Bauschan and me."

"Yes, that is well enough, Bräsig, but there is something else; there is Kurz's Rudolph, he has studied for the ministry, too, and he also is Jochen's nephew; he heard that the other wanted to come here, and he wrote yesterday, saying he had wasted his time dreadfully at Rostock, and he would come here to Rexow, and review what was necessary. Just think of it! there in Rostock he has all the learned professors, and here at Rexow only Jochen and me."

"Oh, I know him," cried Bräsig, "he is an exceedingly fine fellow! When he was first beginning to study, he caught me half a dozen perch out of the Black Pool; the very smallest weighed a good pound and a half."

"Eh! How you remember everything! And he was the one who got Mining, when she had climbed up on the ladder to the old stork's nest, and stood there clapping her hands for joy, and we down below frightened out of our wits, and he brought her down, safe and sound. Yes, he is bright enough about such matters, but not so good at his books, and Rector Baldrian says, there at Rostock he is always getting into fights. Just think, they fought with bare swords, and he was in the midst of it all, and it was all on account of a rich merchant's pretty daughter."

"May you keep the nose on your face!" cried Bräsig. "In a real, regular fight, and



about a pretty merchant's daughter! Well, young Jochen, all the troubles come from the women!"

"Yes, Bräsig, you may well say so; but what shall we do about it?"

"Why, where is there any difficulty? If you don't want the two young ecclesiastics, write and say so, and if you do want them to come, write and say so; you have room enough, and plenty to eat and drink, only look out for the expenses for the books, for those make fearful holes in the pocket. And if you wish to take only one, take the fighter, for I, for my part, would much rather fight with the one, than be instructed by the other."

"Yes, Bräsig, that is all very well," said Frau Nüssler, "but we have already written to Gottlieb Baldrian, and now we cannot refuse to take Rudolph, without affronting the Kurzs."

"No? Well, then, take both."

"Yes, Bräsig, it is easy to say so; but our two little girls—they have just been confirmed—there, Jochen, you tell him!"

And Jochen really began to speak: "It is all as true as leather,—you see, Bräsig, Mining is just like—you know all about it—educated just like a governess, and my old mother used to say, a governess and a candidate in the same house—that would never do."

"Ho, ho! Young Jochen! Now I understand you. You are afraid of love-affairs, but that little rogue and love-affairs!"

"Well, Bräsig," said Frau Nüssler, hastily, "it is not so improbable! I, as a mother, should know that. Why, I was not so old as they are, when—" Frau Nüssler stopped suddenly, for Bräsig had pulled a terribly long face, and was looking very keenly in her eyes. Fortunately, Young Jochen took up the conversation, and said; "Bräsig,—mother, fill Bräsig's glass,—Bräsig, you can understand something about it, and now, what ought we, as parents, to do?"

"Let them alone, young Jochen! Why has the Lord put young people into the world, and what else have they to do but make love to each other? But that little rogue!"

"You are jesting, Bräsig," interrupted Frau Nüssler. "You ought not to talk so about such a serious matter, for out of a smooth egg many times crawls a basilisk."

"Let him crawl," cried Bräsig.

"So?" asked Frau Nüssler. "Do you say so? But I say otherwise. Jochen is not accustomed to trouble himself about such things, for all he cares, every one of

our servant-maids might fall in love, idle about, and get married; and I—God bless me! I have both hands full of work, and enough to find fault with before my eyes, without looking after what goes on behind my back."

"What am I for, then?" asked Bräsig.

"Oh, you!" said Frau Nüssler, off hand, "you have no experience in such matters."

"What!" exclaimed Bräsig. "I, who once had three sweethearts—" He went no further, for Frau Nüssler put on a long face, and looked at him with so much curiosity, that he covered his embarrassment by drinking the Kummel in his glass.

"A miserable piece of business!" he cried, standing up, "and who is to blame for it all? Young Jochen!"

"Eh, Bräsig, what have I to do with it?"

"You let the crown-prince eat up the breakfast, under your very nose, and take two ministerial candidates into your house, and don't know what to do about it! But, never mind, Frau Nüssler, take the two young fellows in, and don't be afraid. I will look after the little rogue, and the two confounded rascals shall catch thunder and lightning. The fighter, the duel-fighter—I will take care of him; but you must keep an eye on the proselyter; they are the slyest."

"Well, we can't do otherwise," said Frau Nüssler, also rising.

And at Michaelmas the two clerical recruits arrived at head-quarters, and Franz went away to the agricultural college at Eldena, and as he went out of the Pastor's garden, there looked after him, over the fence, in the same place where Fritz had sat, with his bread and butter and his beer-bottle, a dear, beautiful face, and the face looked like a silken, rose-red purse, out of which the last groschen had been given for a dear friend.

When Louise came back into the parlor, in the twilight, that evening, the Frau Pastorin took the lovely girl upon her lap, and kissed the sweet mouth, and pressed the pure heart to her own. Well, the women-folks can't help doing such things!

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE evening before St. John's day, 1843, David Däsel's oldest boy was sitting with Johann Degel's youngest girl, in the pleasure-garden at Pumpenhagen, enjoying the moonlight, and Fika Degel said to Krischan Däsel, "Say, did you see her, that time, when you took the horses to the young Herr?"

"To be sure I saw her; he took me into the parlor, and shewed her to me, and



said, 'See, this is your gracious lady!' and she filled me a glass, that I should drink there."

"What does she look like?"

"Well," said Krischan, "it is hard to describe her; let me see, she is about your size, and has such light hair as yours, and just such a pink and white face, and she has grey eyes also, as you have, and just such a little, old, sweet, pouting mouth," and with that, he pressed a hearty kiss on the red lips.

"Gracious, Krischan!" cried Fika, freeing herself from his arm, "then does she look just like me?"

"Child, have you no more sense than that?" said Krischan. "No, don't flatter yourself to that extent! You see, that sort of people have always a something about them, quite different from our sort. The gracious lady might sit here with me, till she were frozen to death in midsummer, it would never come into my head to give her a kiss."

"So?" said Fika Degel, standing up, and tossing her pretty head, "then you think I am good enough for you?"

"Fika," said Krischan, throwing his arm round her again, though she made a show of resistance, "that sort are too slender-waisted, and have too weak bones for us, if I should hug her as I do you, I should always be afraid of dislocating her spine, or knocking her down. No," said he, stroking her soft hair, "like must mate with like." And as they separated, Fika was quite gracious again towards her Krischan, and looked as friendly as if she were his gracious lady.

"Well, I shall see you to-morrow," said she, "I am going to help the girls tie wreaths, in the morning."

And so she did. Yes, they were tying wreaths in Pumpelhagen, and a great gate of honor was constructed, and while Habermann was overseeing the preparations, and Marie Möller was running hither and thither, with greens and flowers, and Fritz Triddelsitz, as a volunteer of the first class, in his green hunting-jacket, and white leather breeches, and yellow top-boots, and a blood-red neck-handkerchief, strutted about among the farm-boys and day-laborers, there arrived upon the scene Uncle Bräsig also, neat as wax, in light-blue, tight summer trousers, and a brown dress-coat, of unknown antiquity, which covered his back very well, down to the calves, but in front he looked as if the lightning had struck him, and tore off his brown bark, leaving exposed a long strip of yellow wood, for he wore under it a fine, yel-

low piqué vest. On his head he had, of course, a silk hat, three-quarters of an ell high.

"Good morning, Karl! How are you getting on? Ha, ha! There stands already the whole concern. Fine, Karl! The arch should be a little higher, though, and right and left you should have a couple of towers; I have seen them so in old Friedrich Franz's time, at Gustrow, when he came home in triumph. But where is your flag?"

"Flag?" said Habermann, "we have none."

"Karl, bethink yourself! How can you celebrate without a flag? The Herr Lieutenant is a military character, of course he must have a flag. Möller!" he went on, without hesitation, "go into the house, and bring me out two sheets, and sew them together lengthways; Krischan Püsel, bring me a nice, smooth, straight bean-pole; and you, Triddelsitz, get me the brush that you mark bags with, and an inkstand!"

"What under heavens are you going to do, Zachary," said Habermann, shaking his head.

"Karl," said Bräsig, "it is a mercy he was in the Prussian army, if he had been in the Mecklenburg, we couldn't have got the colors; but the Prussian—black ink, white linen, and there are your colors!"

Habermann would have entered a protest, but he thought: "Well, let him work, the young Herr will understand that it is all meant well."

So Bräsig worked away, and painted a great "Vivat!!!" with the brush. "Hold it tight!" he cried to Marie Möller, and Fritz Triddelsitz, whom he had pressed into the service as assistants, "so that the 'Herr Lieutenant' and 'Frau Lieutenant' may come out nice and clear on the flag!" for he had decided upon these words to put under the "Vivat," instead of "A. von Rambow" and "F. von Satrup" which had been his first thought: for these were merely a couple of names of the nobility, and having lived among noblemen all his life he held them for nothing remarkable; but he had not had so much to do with lieutenants, and considered the title a very high one.

When he had finished his flag, he ran up to fasten it on the highest point of the manor-house, then puffed down stairs again, to see the effect from outside, and placed himself at the door of the granary, and then at the sheep-barn, but nowhere did it seem to satisfy him.

"It don't look right, Karl," said he, much

annoyed; but, after a little reflection, he placed himself before the green archway, and called out, "Karl, what am I thinking of? *This is the right spot, from which they will perceive it!*"

"But, Bräsig," remonstrated Habermann, "it would cover our triumphal arch entirely, and under the tall poplars there wouldn't be a breath of air for the flag, and the two heavy old sheets hang down on the bean-pole like a great icicle."

"I'll make it all right, Karl," and Bräsig pulled out from his pocket a long string, which he proceeded to fasten to the upper, outer end of his flag. "Gust Kegel," he called to one of the swineherds, "are you a good climber?"

"Yes, Herr Inspector," said Gust.

"Well, my dear swine-marquis," said Bräsig, laughing at his own joke, and all the men and boys and girls laughed with him, "just take this end of the string, and climb into that poplar, and draw it tight. And Gust did the business very skilfully, and drew the string tight and hauled up the sail, as if all Pumpelhaven were making ready to sail off, and Bräsig stood by the bean-pole, as if he were standing by the mast of his ship, an admiral commanding a whole fleet: "They may come now, Karl, whenever they like; I am ready."

But Fritz Triddelsitz was not ready yet, for he had appointed himself commander of the land-forces, and wished to draw them up in military array, by the sheep-barn, on one side the old day-laborers, and the servants, and farm-boys, and on the other, the house-wives, servant-maids and little girls. After much instruction, he had got his breeches-company about half-drilled, but with the petticoat-company he could do nothing at all. The house-wives carried, instead of a weapon, a baby each, upon the left arm, that little Jochen and Hinning might be able to see too, and manœuvred with them in a highly irregular manner; the maid-servants declined to recognize Fritz as their commander, and Fika Degel called out to him that Mamselle Möller was their corporal, and the light-troops of young girls skirmished behind poplars and stone-walls, as if the enemy were in sight, and they in danger of being taken prisoners. Fritz Triddelsitz struck fiercely at his troops with his cane, which he carried as a staff of command, and told them they were not worth their salt, and, going up to Habermann, vowed he would have nothing more to do with the concern; but if Habermann had no objections he would take his gray pony, and ride off to see how soon the Herr Lieutenant and his lady would arrive. Habermann hesitated,

mainly out of consideration for the old Gray; but Bräsig whispered quite audibly, "Let him go, Karl, then we shall be rid of the greyhound, and it will be much nicer."

So Fritz rode off on the Gray, towards Gurlitz; but a new annoyance intruded itself in Bräsig's plan, that was schoolmaster Strull, who came marching up with the school-children, descendants of Asel and Egel, with open psalm-books in their hands. The order which Fritz had not been able to accomplish with an hour's training, Master Strull had held for a whole year; he advanced his troops in two divisions, in the first stood the Asels, whose singing could always be relied upon, in the second, were the Egels, of whom he was — alas! but too well aware, that each one had his own idea of time and melody.

"Preserve us, Karl, what is all this?" asked Bräsig, as he saw the schoolmaster approaching.

"Now, Zachary, Master Strull wishes to show honor to the young Herr, as well as the rest of us, and why shouldn't the children have a chance to show what they have learned?"

"Too ecclesiastical, Karl; altogether too ecclesiastical for a lieutenant? Haven't you got a drum or a trumpet?"

"No," laughed Habermann, "we don't keep that sort of agricultural implement."

"Very unfortunate," said Bräsig, "but hold! Krischan Däsel, come and hold the flag a moment! It is all right, Karl," said he, as he went off. But if Habermann had known what he had in his mind, he would have called it all wrong. Bräsig beckoned the night-watchman, David Däsel, to step aside, and asked him what his instrument was. David bethought himself a little, and finally answered, "Here!" holding up his staff, for Fritz Triddelsitz had ordered all the day-laborers to bring them along, "that they might do the honors to the Herr Lieutenant," as he said.

"Blockhead!" cried Bräsig, "I mean your musical instrument."

"You mean my horn? That is at home."

"Can you play pieces on it?"

"Yes," said David Däsel, he could play one.

"Well," said Bräsig, "bring your instrument, and come out behind the cattle-stall, and I will hear you play."

And when they were alone, David put the horn to his mouth, and blew, as if the whole cattle-stall were in flames: "The Prussians have taken Paris. Good times are coming now, — toot! toot!" for he was very musical. "Hold!" said Bräsig, "you must blow quietly now, for I want

to give Habermann a pleasant surprise; by and by, when the lieutenant comes, you can blow louder. And when the school-master is through with his ecclesiastical business, then keep watch of me I will; give you a sign, when I wave the flag three times, then begin."

"Yes, Herr Inspector; but the old watch-dog ought to be tied fast in his kennel, for we are not on good terms of late, and whenever he sees me with my horn, he flies at me."

"It shall be attended to," said Bräsig, and he went back with Däsel, to the celebration, and grasped his flag-staff again, just at the right moment, for Fritz Tridelsitz came riding over the hill, as fast as old Gray could gallop: "They're coming! They're coming! They are in Gurlitz already!"

They were coming. Axel von Rambow and his lovely young wife rode slowly on, in the lovely morning; the chaise-top was down, and Axel pointed over the wide green fields, full of sunshine, to the cool shadows of the Pumpelhofen park: "See, dearest Frida, this is our home." The words were few, but much happiness lay in them, and much pride, that he was in circumstances to spread a soft couch for the dearest one he had on earth; if he had said it in a thousand words, she could not have understood him more clearly. She felt the happiness and pride in his heart, and a great wave of love and thankfulness broke over her own. Everything about her was cool, and fresh, and clear; she was like a cool brook, which, until now, had flowed under green, silent shadows, aside from the highway, through hills and forests, and now springs forth suddenly into golden sunshine, and sees in its own depths bright pebbles and close-shut mussels, treasures of which it had never dreamed, and bright little fish darting hither and yon, like wishes and longings for working and waking, and green banks and flowers mirrored in the clear water, like her joyous future life.

And outwardly, she was cool, and fresh, and clear, and agreed in all respects with Krischan Däsel's description; but if one had seen her at this moment, as she looked over toward the Pumpelhofen garden, and back again into her young husband's face, he would have seen the fresh cheeks take on a deeper glow, and the clear light that shone from her gray eyes, a softer, warmer radiance, as when the summer evening bends over the bright world, and hushes it to sweet sleep with a cradle-song.

"Ah," she cried, pressing his hand, "how beautiful it is here, at your home!"

What rich fields! Only see, how stately the wheat stands! I have never seen it so before."

"Yes," said Axel, happy in her pleasure, "we have a rich country, much richer than your region."

He might have kept silence, now, and it would have been quite as well; but she had touched unwittingly upon his favorite province, that of agriculture, and he must needs show her that he knew something of it, so he added: "But that must all be altered. We are lacking in intelligence, we don't know how to make the most of our soil. See! yonder there, over the hill, where the wheat is growing, that belongs to Pumpelhofen, wait a couple of years, and we will have all sorts of commercial products growing here, and bringing us three times the profit." And he began to harvest his hemp and hops and oil-seeds, and anise and cummin, and sprinkled among them, like an intelligent farmer, lucerne and esparcet also, "to keep his cattle in good condition," and while he was among the dyer's weeds, and selling his red madder, and blue wood, and yellow weld for a good price, and well in the saddle on his high horse, up shot a living example of all these bright colors, close by the turn, on this side of Gurlitz, who was also on a high horse, that is the gray pony. This was Fritz Tridelsitz, who went up like a complete rainbow, and disappeared like a shooting star.

"What was that?" cried Frida, and Axel called "Hallo! hallo!"

But Fritz never looked round, he must carry tidings to the gate-of-honor, and he had barely time, as he galloped through Gurlitz, to call out to Pomuchelskopp, who stood in his door, "They are coming! They will be in Gurlitz in five minutes!" and Pomuchelskopp called over the garden fence, toward the arbor: "Come, Malchen and Salchen! It is time now!"

And Malchen and Salchen threw down the landscape paintings they were embroidering, among the nettles by the arbor, and tied on their straw hats, and fastened themselves one on each side, to Father Pomuchelskopp's elbows, and Father Pomuchelskopp said, "Now don't look round, for pity's sake, for it must appear as if we had just gone out walking, for all I care, to see the beauties of nature."

But misfortune was impending. As Machel and his young ladies stepped out of the door, and Axel rode slowly through the village, while his young wife asked him "who was that lovely girl, who just greeted us?" and he replied that it was Louise Habermann, his inspector's daugh-

ter, and the house where she stood was the parsonage, the devil of housekeeping possessed old Hanning to come out, in her white kerchief and old black merino sacque, — for it still held together, and was plenty good enough, — to feed the little turkeys with malt grains. When she saw Pomuchelskopp walking off with his two daughters, she thought it a great piece of impertinence for her Machel to go off without her; she wiped her hands on the old black merino, and hastened after, black and white, stiff and straight, as if one of the old, mouldering tombstones, in the church-yard near by, had taken a fancy to go walking for pleasure.

"Machel!" she called after her husband.

"Don't look round!" said Machel, "it must all appear quite natural."

"Kopp," she cried, "will you stop? shall I run myself out of breath for you?"

"For all I care," said Pomuchelskopp angrily. "Don't look round, children, I hear the carriage, it must seem quite off-hand."

"But, father," said Salchen, "it is mother."

"Ah, mother here, and mother there!" cried Pomuchelskopp, downright angry, "she will spoil the whole business!" But, my dear children," he added, upon a little reflection, "you need not tell mother I said so."

And Klücking came puffing up: "Kopp!" but she had not time for fuller expression of her feelings, for the carriage came opposite, and Pomuchelskopp stood, bowing: "A-a-ah! Congratulations — best wishes, God bless them!" and Malchen and Salchen courtesied, and Axel bade the coachman stop, and said he was very happy to see his Herr Neighbor and his family looking so well, and Machel tugged secretly at the old black sacque, to make Hanning courtesy also, but she stood stiff and straight, puffing away, as if the reception was too warm to suit her, and Frida sat there, very cool, as if the thing was not much to her taste. And Machel began to speak of the wonderful coincidence, that he should have just started out walking with his two daughters, but he got a poke from his Hanning's elbow, and heard a venomous whisper, "So your wife is of no account, is she?" so that he lost the thread of his discourse, and went rambling about in a distressed manner, until Axel bade the coachmen drive on, saying he hoped to see Herr Pomuchelskopp again soon.

Pomuchelskopp stood in anguish, by the roadside, hanging his head, and Malchen and Salchen took hold of his arms again,

and instead of going on naturally with their walk they went back to the house, and behind him marched Hanning, and led him, with gentle reproaches, back to his duty again; but he remembered this hour for a year and a day, and her reproofs he never forgot while his life lasted.

"Those seem very disagreeable people," said Frida, as they drove on.

"They are, indeed," replied Axel, "but, they are very rich."

"Mere riches are a small recommendation," said Frida.

"True, dear Frida, but the man is a large proprietor, and since they are such near neighbors, we must keep up some intercourse with these people."

"Do you really mean it, Axel?"

"Certainly," he replied.

She sat a little while, reflecting, and then inquired, suddenly; —

"What sort of man is the Pastor?"

"I know very little of him, myself, but my father thought very highly of him, and my inspector reveres him wonderfully. But," he added, after a moment, "that is natural enough, the Pastor has brought up his only daughter, since she was a little child."

"Oh, yes, that charming girl, at the door of the parsonage; but the Pastor's wife must have had the most to do with that. Do you know her?"

"Why yes, — that is to say, I have seen her, — she is a lively old lady."

"They are certainly good people," said Frida, with decision.

"Dear Frida," said Axel, drawing himself up a little, "how you women jump at conclusions! Because these people have brought up a strange child, and — we will take it for granted that they have brought her up well — you —" and he was going on, in his shallow wisdom, which he called "knowledge of human nature, — for it is an old story that those who have come into the world as blind as young puppies, and have only nine days' experience, are the very ones to pride themselves on their "knowledge of human nature;" — but, unfortunately for the world, he had no opportunity, for his Frida sprang up suddenly, crying, —

"See, Axel, see! A flag, and a triumphal arch! The people mean to give us a grand reception."

And Degel, the coachman, looked round over his shoulder, with a grin of delight: "Yes, gracious lady. I was not to speak of it; but now you can see it for yourself, and it is a great pleasure. But I must drive slowly, or else the horses will be frightened."

From Fraser's Magazine.  
ON PROGRESS.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

AMIDST the varied reflections which the nineteenth century is in the habit of making on its condition and its prospects, there is one common opinion in which all parties coincide—that we live in an era of progress. Earlier ages, however energetic in action, were retrospective in their sentiments. The contrast between a degenerate present and a glorious past was the theme alike of poets, moralists, and statesmen. When the troubled Israelite demanded of the angel why the old times were better than the new, the angel admitted the fact while rebuking the curiosity of the questioner. "Ask not the cause," he answered. "Thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." As the hero of Nestor's youth flung the stone with ease which twelve of the pigmy chiefs before Troy could scarcely lift from the ground, so "the wisdom of our ancestors" was the received formula for ages with the English politician. Problems were fairly deemed insoluble which had baffled his fathers, "who had more wit and wisdom than he." We now know better, or we imagine that we know better, what the past really was. We draw comparisons, but rather to encourage hope than to indulge despondency or foster a deluding reverence for exploded errors. The order of the ages is inverted. Stone and iron came first. An age of gold, if the terms of our existence on this planet permit the contemplation of it as a possibility, lies unrealised in the future. Our lights are before us, and all behind is shadow. In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments, and in its spiritual convictions—we thank God that we are not like our fathers. And while we admit their merits, making allowance for their disadvantages, we do not blind ourselves in mistaken modesty to our own immeasurable superiority.

Changes analogous to those which we contemplate with so much satisfaction have been witnessed already in the history of other nations. The Roman in the time of the Antonines might have looked back with the same feelings on the last years of the Republic. The civil wars were at an end. From the Danube to the African deserts, from the Euphrates to the Irish Sea, the swords were beaten into ploughshares. The husbandman and the artisan,

the manufacturer and the merchant, pursued their trades under the shelter of the eagles, secure from arbitrary violence, and scarcely conscious of their masters' rule. Order and law reigned throughout the civilized world. Science was making rapid strides. The philosophers of Alexandria had tabulated the movements of the stars, ascertained the periods of the planets, and were anticipating by conjecture the great discoveries of Copernicus. The mud cities of the old world were changed to marble. Greek art, Greek literature, Greek enlightenment, followed in the track of the legions. The harsher forms of slavery were modified. The bloody sacrifices of the Pagan creeds were suppressed by the law; the coarser and more sensuous superstitions were superseded by a broader philosophy. The period between the accession of Trajan and the death of Marcus Aurelius has been selected by Gibbon as the time in which the human race had enjoyed more general happiness than they had ever known before, or had known since, up to the date when the historian was meditating on their fortunes. Yet during that very epoch, and in the midst of all that prosperity, the heart of the empire was dying out of it. The austere virtues of the ancient Romans were perishing with their faults. The principles, the habits, the convictions, which held society together were giving way, one after the other, before luxury and selfishness. The entire organisation of the ancient world was on the point of collapsing into a heap of incoherent sand.

If the merit of human institutions, therefore, is at all measured by their strength and stability, the increase of wealth, of production, of liberal sentiment, or even of knowledge, is not of itself a proof that we are advancing on the right road. The unanimity of the belief therefore that we are advancing at present must be taken as a proof that we discern something else than this in the changes which we are undergoing. It would be well, however, if we could define more clearly what we precisely do discern. It would at once be a relief to the weaker brethren whose minds occasionally misgive them, and it would throw out into distinctness the convictions which we have at length arrived at on the true constituents of human worth, and the objects towards which human beings ought to direct their energies. We are satisfied that we are going forward. That is to be accepted as no longer needing proof. Let us ascertain or define in what particulars and in what direction



we are going forward, and we shall then understand in what improvement really consists.

The question ought not to be a difficult one, for we have abundant and varied materials. The advance is not confined to ourselves. France, we have been told any time these twenty years, has been progressing enormously under the beneficent rule of Napoleon III. Lord Palmerston told us, as a justification of the Crimean war, that Turkey had made more progress in the two preceding generations than any country in the world. From these instances we might infer that Progress was something mystic and invisible, like the operation of the graces said to be conferred in baptism. The distinct idea which was present in Lord Palmerston's mind is difficult to discover. In the hope that some enlightened person will clear up an obscurity which exists only perhaps in our own want of perception, I proceed to mention some other instances in which, while I recognise change, I am unable to catch the point of view from which to regard it with unmixed satisfaction. Rousseau maintained that the primitive state of man was the happiest, that civilisation was corruption, and that human nature deteriorated with the complication of the conditions of its existence. A paradox of that kind may be defended as an entertaining speculation. I am not concerned with any such barren generalities. Accepting social organisation as the school of all that is best in us, I look merely to the alterations which it is undergoing; and if in some things passing away it seems to me that we are lightly losing what we shall miss when they are gone and cannot easily replace, I shall learn gladly that I am only suffering under the proverbial infirmity of increasing years, and that, like Esdras, I perplex myself to no purpose.

Let me lightly, then, run over a list of subjects on which the believer in progress will meet me to most advantage.

#### I.

I WILL begin with the condition of the agricultural poor, the relation of the labourer to the soil, and his means of subsistence.

The country squire of the last century, whether he was a Squire Western or a Squire Allworthy, resided for the greater part of his life in the parish where he was born. The number of free-holders was four times what it is at present; plurality of estates was the exception; the owner of land, like the peasant, was virtually

*ascriptus glebæ* — a practical reality in the middle of the property committed to him. His habits, if he was vicious, were coarse and brutal — if he was a rational being, were liberal and temperate; but in either case the luxuries of modern generations were things unknown to him. His furniture was massive and enduring. His household expenditure, abundant in quantity, provided nothing of the costly delicacies which it is now said that everyone expects and everyone therefore feels bound to provide. His son at Christ-church was contented with half the allowance which he now holds to be the least on which he can live like a gentleman. His servants were brought up in the family as apprentices, and spent their lives under the same roof. His wife and his daughters made their own dresses, darned their own stockings, and hemmed their own handkerchiefs. The milliner was an unknown entity at houses where the milliner's bill has become the unvarying and not the most agreeable element of Christmas. A silk gown lasted a lifetime, and the change in fashions was counted rather by generations than by seasons. A London house was unthought of — a family trip to the Continent as unimaginable as an outing to the moon. If the annual migration was something farther than, as in Mr. Primrose's parsonage, from the blue room to the brown, it was limited to the few weeks at the county town. Enjoyments were less varied and less expensive. Home was a word with a real meaning. Home occupations, home pleasures, home associations and relationships filled up the round of existence. Nothing else was looked for, because nothing else was attainable. Among other consequences, habits were far less expensive. The squire's income was small as measured by modern ideas. If he was self-indulgent, it was in pleasures which lay at his own door, and his wealth was distributed among those who were born dependent on him. Every family on the estate was known in its particulars, and had claims for consideration which the better sort of gentlemen were willing to recognize. If the poor were neglected, their means of taking care of themselves were immeasurably greater than at present. The average squire may have been morally no better than his great-grandson. In many respects he was probably worse. He was ignorant, he drank hard, his language was not particularly refined, but his private character was comparatively unimportant; he was controlled in his dealings with his people by the tradition-

ary English habits which had held society together for centuries — habits which, though long gradually decaying, have melted entirely away only within living memories.

At the end of the sixteenth century an Act passed obliging the landlord to attach four acres of land to every cottage on his estate. The Act itself was an indication that the tide was on the turn. The English villein, like the serf all over Europe, had originally rights in the soil, which were only gradually stolen from him. The statute of Elizabeth was a compromise reserving so much of the old privileges as appeared indispensable for a healthy life.

The four acres shrivelled like what had gone before; but generations had to pass before they had dwindled to nothing, and the labourer was inclosed between his four walls to live upon his daily wages.

Similarly, in most country parishes there were tracts of common land, where every householder could have his flock of sheep, his cow or two, his geese or his pig; and milk and bacon so produced went into the limbs of his children, and went to form the large English bone and sinew which are now becoming things of tradition. The thicket or the peat bog provided fuel. There were spots where the soil was favourable in which it was broken up for tillage, and the poor families in rotation raised a scanty crop there. It is true that the common land was wretchedly cultivated. What is everyone's property is no one's property. The swamps were left undrained, the gorse was not stubbed up. The ground that was used for husbandry was racked. An inclosed common taken in hand by a man of capital produces four, five, or six times what it produced before. But the landlord who enters on possession is the only gainer by the change. The cottagers made little out of it, but they made something, and that something to them was the difference between comfort and penury. The inclosed land required some small additional labour. A family or two was added to the population on the estate, but it was a family living at the lower level to which all had been reduced. The landlord's rent roll shows a higher figure, or it may be he has only an additional pheasant preserve. The labouring poor have lost the faggot on their hearths, the milk for their children, the slice of meat at their own dinners.

Even the appropriation of the commons has not been sufficient without closer paring. When the commons went, there was

still the liberal margin of grass on either side of the parish roads, to give pickings to the hobbled sheep or donkey. The landlord, with the right of the strong, which no custom can resist, is now moving forward his fences, taking possession of these ribands of green and growing solid crops upon them. The land is turned to better purpose. The national wealth in some inappreciable way is supposed to have increased, but the only visible benefit is to the lord of the soil, and appears in some added splendour to the furniture of his drawing-room.

It is said that men are much richer than they were, that luxury is its natural consequence, and is directly beneficial to the community as creating fresh occupations and employing more labour. The produce of human industry, however, has not materially increased in proportion to the growth of population. "If riches increase, they are increased that eat them." If all the wealth which is now created in this country was distributed among the workers in the old ratio, the margin which could be spent upon personal self-indulgence would not be very much larger than it used to be. The economists insist that the growth of artificial wants among the few is one of the symptoms of civilization — is a means provided by nature to spread abroad the superfluities of the great. If the same labour, however, which is now expended in the decorating and furnishing a Belgravian palace was laid out upon the cottages on the estates of its owner, an equal amount of labour would find employment, an equal fraction of the landlord's income would be divided in wages. For the economist's own purpose, the luxury could be dispensed with if the landlord took a different view of the nature of his obligations. Progress and civilization conceal the existence of his obligations, and destroy at the same time the old-fashioned customs which limited the sphere of his free will. The great estates have swallowed the small. The fat ears of corn have eaten up the lean. The same owner holds properties in a dozen counties. He cannot reside upon them all, or make personal acquaintance with his multiplied dependants. He has several country residences. He lives in London half the year, and most of the rest upon the Continent. Inevitably he comes to regard his land as an investment; his duty to it the development of its producing powers; the receipt of his rents the essence of the connection; and his personal interest in it the sport which it will provide for himself and his friends.

Modern landlords frankly tell us that if the game laws are abolished, they will have lost the last temptation to visit their country seats. If this is their view of the matter, the sooner they sell their estates and pass them over to others to whom life has not yet ceased to be serious the better it will be for the community. They complain of the the growth of democracy and insubordination. The fault is wholly in themselves. They have lost the respect of the people because they have ceased to deserve it.

## II.

If it be deemed a paradox to maintain that the relation between the owners of land and the peasantry was more satisfactory in the old days than in the present, additional hardness is required to assert that there has been no marked improvement in the clergy. The bishop, rector, or vicar of the Established Church in the eighteenth century is a by-word in English ecclesiastical history. The exceptional distinction of a Warburton or a Wilson, a Butler or a Berkeley, points the contrast only more vividly with the worldliness of their brothers on the bench. The road to honours was through political subservency. The prelates indemnified themselves for their ignominy by the abuse of their patronage, and nepotism and simony were too common to be a reproach. Such at least is the modern conception of these high dignitaries, which instances can be found to justify. In an age less inflated with self-esteem, the nobler specimens would have been taken for the rule, the meaner and baser for the exception. Enough, however, can be ascertained to justify the enemies of the Church in drawing an ugly picture of the condition of the hierarchy. Of the parochial clergy of those times the popular notion is probably derived from Fielding's novels. Parson Trulliber is a ruffian who would scarcely find admittance into a third-rate farmers' club of the present day. Parson Adams, a low-life Don Quixote, retains our esteem for his character at the expense of contempt for his understanding. The best of them appear as hangers-on of the great, admitted to a precarious equality in the housekeeper's room, their social position being something lower than that of the nursery governess in the establishment of a vulgar millionaire.

That such specimens as these were to be found in England in the last century is no less certain than that in some parts of the country the type may be found still

surviving. That they were as much exceptions we take to be equally clear. Those who go for information to novels may remember that there was a Yorick as well as a Phutatorious or a Gastripheres. Then, more than now, the cadets of the great houses were promoted, as a matter of course, to the family livings, and were at least gentlemen. Sydney Smith's great prizes of the Church were as much an object of ambition to men of birth as the high places in the other professions; and between pluralities and sinecures, cathedral prebendaries, and the fortunate possessors of two or more of the larger benefices, held their own in society with the county families, and lived on equal terms with them. If in some places there was spiritual deadness and slovenliness, in others there was energy and seriousness. Clarissa Harlow found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could find it now.

That the average character of the country clergy, however, was signally different from what it is at present, is not to be disputed. They were Protestants to the back bone. They knew nothing and cared nothing about the Apostolical Succession. They had no sacerdotal pretensions; they made no claims to be essentially distinguished from the laity. Their official duties sate lightly on them. They read the Sunday services, administered the Communion four times a year, preached commonplace sermons, baptised the children, married them when they grew to maturity, and buried them when they died; and for the rest they lived much as other people lived, like country gentlemen of moderate fortune, and, on the whole, setting an example of respectability. The incumbents of benefices over a great part of England were men with small landed properties of their own. They farmed their own glebes. They were magistrates, and attended quarter sessions and petty sessions, and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, were the most effective guardians of the public peace. They affected neither austerity nor singularity. They rode, shot, hunted, ate and drank, like other people; occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon them, they kept the hounds. In dress and habit they were simply a superior class of small country gentlemen; very far from immaculate, but, taken altogether, wholesome and solid members of practical English life. It may seem like a purposed affront to their anxious and pallid successors, clad in sacerdo-

tal uniform, absorbed in their spiritual functions, glorying in their Divine commission, passionate theologians, occupied from week's end to week's end with the souls of their flocks, to contrast them unfavourably with secular parsons who, beyond their mechanical offices, had nothing of the priest to distinguish them; yet it is no less certain that the rector of the old school stood on sounder terms with his parishioners, and had stronger influence over their conduct. He had more in common with them. He understood them better, and they understood him better. The Establishment was far more deeply rooted in the affections of the people. The measure of its strength may be found in those very abuses, so much complained of, which nevertheless it was able to survive. The forgotten toast of Church and King was a matter of course at every county dinner. The omission of it would have been as much a scandal as the omission of grace. Dissenters sate quiescent under disabilities which the general sentiment approved. The revival of spiritual zeal has been accompanied with a revival of instability. As the clergy have learnt to magnify their office, the laity have become indifferent or hostile.

Many causes may be suggested to explain so singular a phenomenon. It is enough to mention one. The parson of the old school, however ignorant of theology, however outwardly worldly in character, did sincerely and faithfully believe in the truth of the Christian religion; and the congregation which he addressed was troubled with as few doubts as himself. Butler and Berkeley speak alike of the spread of infidelity; but it was an infidelity confined to the cultivated classes—to the London wits who read Bolingbroke or Hume's *Essays* or *Candide*. To the masses of the English people, to the parishioners who gathered on Sundays into the churches, whose ideas were confined to the round of their common occupations, who never left their own neighbourhood, never saw a newspaper or read a book but the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the main facts of the Gospel history were as indisputably true as the elementary laws of the universe. That Christ had risen from the dead was as sure as that the sun had risen that morning. That they would themselves rise was as certain as that they would die; and as positively would one day be called to judgment for the good or ill that they had done in life. It is vain to appeal to their habits as a proof that their faith was unreal. Every one of us who

will look candidly into his own conscience can answer that objection. Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practises, and recognizes a better law than he obeys. Belief and practice tend in the long run, and in some degree, to correspond: but in detail and in particular instances they may be wide asunder as the poles. The most lawless boys at school, and the loosest young men at college, have the keenest horror of intellectual scepticism. Their passions may carry them away; but they look forward to repenting in the end. Later in life they may take refuge in infidelity if they are unable to part with their vices; but the compatibility of looseness of habit with an unshaken conviction of the general truths of religion is a feature of our nature which history and personal experience alike confirm.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the change which has passed over us all during the last forty years. The most ardent ritualist now knows at heart that the ground is hollow under him. He wrestles with his uncertainties. He conceals his misgivings from his own eyes by the passion with which he flings himself into his work. He recoils, as every generous-minded man must recoil from the blankness of the prospect which threatens to open before him. To escape the cloud which is gathering over the foundations of his faith he busies himself with artificial enthusiasm in the external expressions of it. He buries his head in his vestments. He is vehement upon doctrinal minutiae, as if only these were at stake. He clutches at the curtains of mediæval theology to hide his eyes from the lightning which is blinding him. His efforts are vain. His own convictions are undermined in spite of him. What men as able as he is to form an opinion doubt about, by the nature of the case is made doubtful. And neither in himself nor in the congregations whom he adjoins so passionately is there any basis of unshaken belief remaining. He is like a man toiling with all his might to build a palace out of dry sand. Ecclesiastical revivals are going on all over the world, and all from the same cause. The Jew, the Turk, the Hindoo, the Roman Catholic, the Anglo-Catholic, the Protestant English Dissenter, are striving with all their might to blow into flame the expiring ashes of their hearth fires. They are building synagogues and mosques, building and restoring churches, writing books and tracts; persuading themselves and others with spasmodic agony that the thing they love

is not dead, but sleeping. Only the Germans, only those who have played no tricks with their souls, and have carried out boldly the spirit as well as the letter of the Reformation, are meeting the future with courage and manliness, and retain their faith in the living reality while the outward forms are passing away.

### III.

To turn to another subject.

The Education question is part of the Church question, and we find in looking at it precisely the same phenomena. Education has two aspects. On one side it is the cultivation of man's reason, the development of his spiritual nature. It elevates him above the pressure of material interests. It makes him superior to the pleasures and the pains of a world which is but his temporary home, in filling his mind with higher subjects than the occupations of life would themselves provide him with. One man in a million of peculiar gifts may be allowed to go no farther, and may spend his time in pursuits merely intellectual. A life of speculation to the multitude, however, would be a life of idleness and uselessness. They have to maintain themselves in industrious independence in a world in which it has been said there are but three possible modes of existence, begging, stealing, and working; and education means also the equipping a man with means to earn his own living. Every nation which has come to anything considerable has grown by virtue of a vigorous and wholesome education. A nation is but the aggregate of the individuals of which it is composed. Where individuals grow up ignorant and incapable, the result is anarchy and torpor. Where there has been energy and organized strength, there is or has been also an effective training of some kind. From a modern platform speech one would infer that before the present generation the schoolmaster had never been thought of, and that the English of past ages had been left to wander in darkness. Were this true, they would have never risen out of chaos. The problem was understood in old England better probably than the platform orator understands it, and received a more practical solution than any which on our new principles has yet been arrived at. Five out of six of us have to earn our bread by manual labour, and will have to earn it so to the end of the chapter. Five out of six English children in past generations were in consequence apprenticed to some trade or calling by

which that necessary feat could be surely accomplished. They learnt in their catechisms and at church that they were not beasts of the field, but moral and responsible beings. They were taught that there was an immortal part of them, the future of which depended on their conduct while they remained on earth. The first condition of a worthy life was to be able to live honestly; and in the farm or at the forge, at the cobbler's bench or in the carpenter's yard, they learnt to stand on their own feet, to do good and valuable work for which society would thank and pay them. Thenceforward they could support themselves and those belonging to them without meanness, without cringing, without demoralising obligation to others, and laid in rugged self-dependence the only foundation for a firm and upright character. The old English education system was the apprentice system. In every parish in England the larger householders, the squire and the parson, the farmers, smiths, joiners, shoemakers, were obliged by law to divide among themselves according to their means the children of the poor who would otherwise grow up unprovided for, and clothe, feed, lodge, and teach them in return for their services till they were old enough to take care of themselves. This was the rule that was acted upon for many centuries. It broke down at last. The burden was found disagreeable; the inroad too heavy upon natural liberty. The gentlemen were the first to decline or evade their obligations. Their business was to take boys and girls for household service. They preferred to have their servants ready made. They did not care to encumber their establishments with awkward urchins or untidy slatterns, who broke their china and whom they were unable to dismiss. The farmers and the artisans objected naturally to bearing the entire charge—they who had sufficient trouble to keep their own heads above water: they had learnt from the gentlemen that their first duties were to themselves, and their ill humour vented itself on the poor little wretches who were flung upon their unwilling hands. The children were ill-used, starved, beaten. In some instances they were killed. The benevolent instincts of the country took up their cause. The apprenticeship under its compulsory form passed away amidst universal execrations. The masters were relieved from the obligation to educate, the lads themselves from the obligation to be educated. They were left to their parents, to their own helplessness, to the chances



and casualties of life, to grow up as they could, and drift untought into whatever occupation they could find. Then first arose the cry for the schoolmaster. The English clergy deserve credit for having been the first to see the mischief that must follow, and to look for a remedy. If these forlorn waifs and strays could no longer be trained, they could not be permitted to become savages. They could learn, at least, to read and write. They could learn to keep themselves clean. They could be broken into habits of decency and obedience, and be taught something of the world into which they were to be flung out to sink or swim. Democracy gave an impulse to the movement. "We must educate our masters," said Mr. Lowe sarcastically. Whether what is now meant by education will make their rule more intelligent remains to be seen. Still the thing is to be done. Children whose parents cannot help them are no longer utterly without a friend. The State charges itself with their minds, if not their bodies. Henceforward they are to receive such equipment for the battle of life as the schoolmaster can provide.

It is something, but the event only can prove that it will be as useful as an apprenticeship to a trade, with the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments at its back. The conditions on which we have our being in this planet remain unchanged. Intelligent work is as much a necessity as ever, and the proportion of us who must set our hands to it is not reduced. Labour is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labour most productive. I do not undervalue book knowledge. Under any aspect it is a considerable thing. If the books be well chosen and their contents really mastered, it may be a beautiful thing; but the stubborn fact will remain, that after the years, be they more or be they less, which have been spent at school, the pupil will be launched into life as unable as when he first entered the school door to earn a sixpence, possessing neither skill nor knowledge for which any employer in England will be willing to hire his services. An enthusiastic clergyman who had meditated long on the unfairness of confining mental culture to the classes who had already so many other advantages, gave his village boys the same education which he had received himself. He taught them languages and literature, and moral science, and art and music. He unfitted them for the state of life in which they were born. He was unable to raise

them into a better. He sent one of the most promising of them with high recommendations to seek employment in a London banking house. The lad was asked what he could do. It was found that, allowing for his age, he could pass a fair examination in two or three plays of Shakespeare.

Talent, it is urged, real talent, crippled hitherto by want of opportunity, will be enabled to show itself. It may be so. Real talent, however, is not the thing which we need be especially anxious about. It can take care of itself. If we look down the roll of English worthies in all the great professions, in church and law, in army and navy, in literature, science, and trade, we see at once that the road must have been always open for boys of genius to rise. We have to consider the million, not the units; the average, not the exceptions.

It is argued again that by educating boys' minds, and postponing till later their special industrial training, we learn better what each is fit for; time is left for special fitnesses to show themselves. We shall make fewer mistakes, and boys will choose the line of life for which nature has qualified them. This may sound plausible, but capacity of a peculiarly special kind is the same as genius, and may be left to find its own place. A Canova or a Faraday makes his way through all impediments into the occupation which belongs to him. Special qualifications, unless they are of the highest order, do not exist to a degree worth considering. A boy's nature runs naturally into the channel which is dug for it. Teach him to do any one thing, and in doing so you create a capability; and you create a taste along with it; his further development will go as far and as wide as his strength of faculty can reach; and such varied knowledge as he may afterwards accumulate will grow as about a stem round the one paramount occupation which is the business of his life.

A sharp lad, with general acquirements, yet unable to turn his hand to one thing more than another, drifts through existence like a leaf blown before the wind. Even if he retains what he has learnt, it is useless to him. The great majority so taught do not retain, and cannot retain, what they learn merely as half-understood propositions, and which they have no chance of testing by practice. Virgil and Sophocles, logic and geometry, with the ordinary university pass-man, are as much lost to him in twenty years from his degree as if he had never construed a line or worked a problem. Why should we ex-

pect better of the pupil of the middle or lower class, whose education ends with his boyhood? Why should his memory remain burdened with generalities of popular science, names and dates from history which have never been more than words to him, or the commonplaces of political economy, which, if he attaches any meaning at all to them, he regards as the millionaire's catechism, which he will believe when he is a millionaire himself? The knowledge which a man can use is the only real knowledge, the only knowledge which has life and growth in it, and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about the brain, or dries like raindrops off the stones.

The mind expands, we are told; large information generates larger and nobler thoughts. We must look to the facts. General knowledge means general ignorance, and an ignorance, unfortunately, which is unconscious of itself. Quick wits are sharpened up. Young fellows so educated learn that the world is a large place, and contains many pleasant things for those who can get hold of them. Their ideas doubtless are inflated, and with them their ambitions and desires. They have gained nothing towards the wholesome gratifying of those desires, while they have gained considerable discontent at the inequalities of what is called fortune. They are the ready-made prey of plausible palaver written or spoken, but they are without means of self-help, without seriousness, and without stability. They believe easily that the world is out of joint because they, with their little bits of talents, miss the instant recognition which they think their right. Their literature, which the precious art of reading has opened out to them, is the penny newspaper; their creed, the latest popular chimera which has taken possession of the air. They form the classes which breed like mushrooms in the modern towns, and are at once the scorn and the perplexity of the thoughtful statesman. They are Fenians in Ireland, trades-unionists in England, rabid partisans of slavery or rabid abolitionists in America, socialists and red republicans on the Continent. It is better that they should have any education than none. The evils caused by a smattering of information, sounder knowledge may eventually cure. I refuse only to admit that the transition from the old industrial education to the modern book education is, for the present or the immediate future, a sign of what can be called progress.

Let there be more religion, men say.

Education will not do without religion. Along with the secular lessons we must have Bible lessons, and then all will go well. It is perfectly true that a consciousness of moral responsibility, a sense of the obligation of truth and honesty and purity, lies at the bottom of all right action — that without it knowledge is useless, that with it everything will fall into its place. But it is with religion as with all else of which I am speaking. Religion can be no more learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiership, or engineering, or painting, or any practical trade whatsoever. The doing right alone teaches the value or the meaning of right; the doing it willingly, if the will is happily constituted; the doing it unwillingly, or under compulsion, if persuasion fails to convince. The general lesson lies in the commandment once taught with authority by the clergyman; the application of it in the details of practical life, in the execution of the particular duty which each moment brings with it. The book lesson, be it Bible lesson, or commentary, or catechism, can at best be nothing more than the communication of historical incidents of which half the educated world have begun to question the truth, or the dogmatic assertion of opinions over which theologians quarrel and will quarrel to the end of time. France has been held up before us for the last twenty years as the leader of civilization, and Paris as the head-quarters of it. The one class in this supreme hour of trial for that distracted nation in which there is more hope of good is that into which the ideas of Paris have hitherto failed to penetrate. The French peasant sits as a child at the feet of the priesthood of an exploded idolatry. His ignorance of books is absolute; his superstitions are contemptible; but he has retained a practical remembrance that he has a Master in Heaven who will call him to account for his life. In the cultivation of his garden and vineyard, in the simple round of agricultural toil, he has been saved from the temptation of the prevailing delusions, and has led for the most part, a thrifty, self-denying, industrious, and useful existence. Keener sarcasm it would be hard to find on the inflated enthusiasm of progress.

#### IV.

ADMITTING — and we suspect very few of our readers will be inclined to admit — that there is any truth in these criticisms, it will still be said that our shortcomings are on the way to cure themselves. We have but recently roused ourselves

from past stagnation, and that a new constitution of things cannot work at once with all-sided perfection is no more than we might expect. Shortcomings there may be, and our business is to find them out and mend them. The means are now in our hands. The people have at last political power. All interests are now represented in Parliament. All are sure of consideration. Class government is at an end. Aristocracies, landowners, established churches can abuse their privileges no longer. The age of monopolies is gone. England belongs to herself. We are at last free.

It would be well if there were some definition of freedom which would enable men to see clearly what they mean and do not mean by that vaguest of words. The English Liturgy says that freedom is to be found perfectly in the service of God. "*Intellectual emancipation*," says Goethe, "*if it does not give us at the same time control over ourselves is mischievous*." Undoubtedly the best imaginable state of human things would be one in which everybody thought with perfect correctness and acted perfectly well of his own free will, unconstrained, and even unguided, by external authority. But inasmuch as no such condition as this can be looked for this side of the day of judgment, the question for ever arises how far the unwise should be governed by the wise — how far society should be protected against the eccentricities of fools, and fools be protected against themselves. There is a right and a wrong principle on which each man's life can be organized. There is a right or a wrong in detail at every step which he takes. Much of this he must learn for himself. He must learn to act as he learns to walk. He obtains command of his limbs by freely using them. To hold him up each time that he totters is to deprive him of his only means of learning how not to fall. There are other things in which it is equally clear that he must not be left to himself. Not only may he not in the exercise of his liberty do what is injurious to others — he must not seriously injure himself. A stumble or a fall is a wholesome lesson to take care, but he is not left to learn by the effects that poison is poison, or getting drunk is brutalizing. He is forbidden to do what wiser men than he know to be destructive to him. If he refuses to believe them, and acts on his own judgment, he is not gaining any salutary instruction — he is simply hurting himself, and has a just ground of complaint ever

after against those who ought to have restrained him. As we "become our own masters," to use the popular phrase, we are left more and more to our own guidance, but we are never so entirely masters of ourselves that we are free from restraint altogether. The entire fabric of human existence is woven of the double threads of freedom and authority, which are for ever wrestling one against the other. Their legitimate spheres slide insensibly one into the other. The limits of each vary with time, circumstances, and character, and no rigid line can be drawn which neither ought to overpass. There are occupations in which error is the only educator. There are actions which it is right to blame, but not forcibly to check or punish. There are actions again — actions like suicide — which may concern no one but a man's self, yet which nevertheless it may be right forcibly to prevent. Precise rules cannot be laid down which will meet all cases.

The private and personal habits of grown men lie for the most part outside the pale of interference. It is otherwise, however, in the relations of man to society. There, running through every fibre of those relations, is justice and injustice — justice which means the health and life of society, injustice which is poison and death. As a member of society a man parts with his natural rights, and society in turn incurs a debt to him which it is bound to discharge. Where the debt is adequately rendered, where on both sides there is a consciousness of obligation, where rulers and ruled alike understand that more is required of them than attention to their separate interests, and where they discern with clearness in what that "more" consists, there at once is good government, there is supremacy of law — law written in the statute book, and law written in the statute book of Heaven; and there, and only there, is freedom.

Das Gesetz soll nur uns Freiheit geben.

As in personal morality liberty is self-restraint, and self-indulgence is slavery, so political freedom is possible only where justice is in the seat of authority, where all orders and degrees work in harmony with the organic laws which man neither made nor can alter — where the unwise are directed by the wise, and those who are trusted with power use it for the common good.

A country so governed is a free country, be the form of the constitution what it may. A country not so governed is in

bondage, be its suffrage never so universal. Where justice is supreme, no subject is forbidden anything which he has a right to do or to desire; and therefore it is that political changes, revolutions, reforms, transfers of power from one order to another, from kings to aristocracies, from aristocracies to peoples, are in themselves no necessary indications of political or moral advance. They mean merely that those in authority are no longer fit to be trusted with exclusive power. They mean that those high persons are either ignorant and so incapable, or have forgotten the public good in their own pleasures, ambitions, or superstitions; that they have ceased to be the representatives of any superior wisdom or deeper moral insight, and may therefore justly be deprived of privileges which they abuse for their own abasement and for public mischief. Healthy nations when justly governed never demand constitutional changes. Men talk of entrusting power to the people as a moral education, as enlarging their self-respect, elevating their imaginations, making them alive to their dignity as human beings. It is well, perhaps, that we should dress up in fine words a phenomenon which is less agreeable in its nakedness. But at the bottom of things the better sort are loyal to governments which are doing their business well and impartially. They doubt the probability of being themselves likely to mend matters, and are thankful to let well alone. The growth of popular constitutions in a country originally governed by an aristocracy implies that the aristocracy is not any more a real aristocracy—that it is alive to its own interests and blind to other people's interests. It does not imply that those others are essentially wiser or better, but only that they understand where their own shoe pinches: and that if it be only a question of interest, they have a right to be considered as well as the class above them. In one sense it may be called an advance, that in the balance of power so introduced particular forms of aggravated injustice may be rendered impossible; but we are brought no nearer to the indispensable thing without which no human society can work healthily or happily—the sovereignty of wisdom over folly—the pre-eminence of justice and right over greediness and self-seeking. The unjust authority is put away, the right authority is not installed in its place. People suppose it a great thing that every English householder should have a share in choosing his governors. Is it that the functions of government being reduced to zero, the choice of its administra-

tors may be left to haphazard? The crew of a man-of-war understand something of seamanship; the rank and file of a regiment are not absolutely without an inkling of the nature of military service; yet if seamen and soldiers were allowed to choose their own leaders, the fate of fleets and armies so officered would not be hard to predict. Because they are not utterly ignorant of their business, and because they do not court their own destruction, the first use which the best of them would make of such a privilege would be to refuse to act upon it.

No one seriously supposes that popular suffrage gives us a wiser Parliament than we used to have. Under the rotten borough system Parliament was notoriously a far better school of statesmanship than it is or ever can be where the merits of candidates have first to be recognized by constituencies. The rotten borough system fell, not because it was bad in itself, but because it was abused to maintain injustice—to enrich the aristocracy and the landowners at the expense of the people. We do not look for a higher morality in the classes whom we have admitted to power; we expect them only to be sharp enough to understand their own concerns. We insist that each interest shall be represented, and we anticipate from the equivoque the utmost attainable amount of justice. It may be called progress, but it is a public confession of despair of human nature. It is as much as to say that although wisdom may be higher than folly as far as heaven is above earth, the wise man has no more principle than the fool. Give him power and he will read the moral laws of the universe into a code which will only fill his own pocket, and, being no better than the fool, has no more right to be listened to. The entire Civil Service of this country has been opened amidst universal acclamations to public competition. Anyone who is not superannuated, and has not incurred notorious disgrace, may present himself to the Board of Examiners, and win himself a place in a public department. Everyone knows that if the heads of the departments were honestly to look for the fittest person that they could find to fill a vacant office, they could make better selections than can be made for them under the new method. The alteration means merely that these superior persons will not or cannot use their patronage disinterestedly, and that of two bad methods of choice the choice by examination is the least mischievous.

The world calls this progress. I call it only change; change which may bring us

nearer to a better order of things, as the ploughing up and rooting the weeds out of a fallow is a step towards growing a clean crop of wheat there, but without a symptom at present showing of healthy organic growth. When a block of type from which a book has been printed is broken up into its constituent letters the letters so disintegrated are called "pie." The pie, a mere chaos, is afterwards sorted and distributed, preparatory to being built up into fresh combinations. A distinguished American friend describes Democracy as "making pie."

Meanwhile, beside the social confusion, the knowledge of outward things and the command of natural forces are progressing really with steps rapid, steady, and indeed gigantic. "Knowledge comes" if "wisdom lingers." The man of science discovers; the mechanic and the engineer appropriate and utilize each invention as it is made; and thus each day tools are formed or forming, which hereafter, when under moral control, will elevate the material condition of the entire human race. The labour which a hundred years ago made a single shirt now makes a dozen or a score. Ultimately it is possible that the harder and grosser forms of work will be done entirely by machinery, and leisure be left to the human drudge which may lift him bodily into another scale of existence. For the present no such effect is visible. The mouths to be fed and the backs to be covered multiply even faster than the means of feeding and clothing them; and conspicuous as have been the fruits of machinery in the increasing luxuries of the minority, the level of comfort in the families of the labouring millions has in this country been rather declining than rising. The important results have been so far rather political and social. Watt, Stephenson, and Wheatstone, already and while their discoveries are in their infancy, have altered the relations of every country in the world with its neighbours. The ocean barriers between continents which Nature seemed to have raised for eternal separation have been converted into easily travelled highways; mountain-chains are tunnelled; distance, once the most troublesome of realities, has ceased to exist. The inventions of these three men determined the fate of the revolt of the Slave States. But for them and their work the Northern armies would have crossed the Potomac in mere handfuls, exhausted with enormous marches. The iron roads lent their help. The collected strength of all New England

and the West was able to fling itself into the work; negro slavery is at an end; and the Union is not to be split like Europe into a number of independent states, but is to remain a single power, to exercise an influence yet unimaginable on the future fortunes of mankind. Aided by the same mechanical facilities, Germany obliterates the dividing lines of centuries. The Americans preserved the unity which they had. The Germans conquer for themselves a unity which they had not. France interferes, and half a million soldiers are collected and concentrated in a fortnight; armies, driven in like wedges, open rents and gaps from the Rhine to Orleans; and at the end of two months the nation whose military strength was supposed to be the greatest in the world is reeling paralyzed under blows to which these modern contrivances have exposed her. So far we may be satisfied; but who can foresee the ultimate changes of which these are but the initial symptoms? Who will be rash enough to say that they will promote necessarily the happiness of mankind? They are but weapons which may be turned to good or evil, according to the character of those who best understand how to use them.

The same causes have created as rapidly a tendency no less momentous towards migration and interfusion, which may one day produce a revolution in the ideas of allegiance and nationality. English, French, Germans, Irish, even Chinese and Hindus, are scattering themselves over the world; some *bonâ fide* in search of new homes, some merely as temporary residents—but any way establishing themselves wherever a living is to be earned in every corner of the globe, careless of the flag under which they have passed. Far the largest part will never return; they will leave descendants, to whom their connection with the old country will be merely matter of history: but the ease with which we can now go from one place to other will keep alive an intention of returning, though it be never carried out; and as the numbers of these denizens multiply, intricate problems have already risen as to their allegiance, and will become more and more complicated. The English at Hong Kong and Shanghai have no intention of becoming Chinese, but their presence there has shaken the stability of the Chinese empire, and has cost that country, if the returns are not enormously exaggerated, in the civil wars and rebellions of which they have been the indirect occasion, two hundred million lives.



From the earliest times we trace migrations of nations or the founding of colonies by spirited adventurers, but never was the process going on at such a rate as now, and never with so little order or organized communion of purpose. No ingenuity could have devised a plan for the dispersion of the superfluous part of the European populations so effective as the natural working of personal impulse, backed by these new facilities. The question still returns, however, To what purpose? Are the effects of emigration to be only as the effects of machinery? Are a few hundred millions to be added to the population of the globe merely that they may make money and spend it? In all the great movements at present visible there is as yet no trace of the working of intellectual or moral ideas — no sign of conviction that man has more to live for than to labour and eat the fruit of his labour.

So far, perhaps, the finest result of scientific activity lies in the personal character which devotion of a life to science seems to produce. While almost every other occupation is pursued for the money which can be made out of it, and success measured by the money result which has been realized — while even artists and men of letters, with here and there a brilliant exception, let the banker's book become more and more the criterion of their being on the right road, the men of science alone seem to value knowledge for its own sake, and to be valued in return for the addition which they are able to make to it. A dozen distinguished men might be named who have shown intellect enough to qualify them for the woollack, or an archbishop's mitre: external rewards of this kind might be thought the natural recompense for work which produces results so splendid; but they are quietly and unconsciously indifferent — they are happy in their own occupations, and ask no more; and that here, and here only, there is real and undeniable progress is a significant proof that the laws remain unchanged under which excellence of any kind is attainable.

To conclude.

The accumulation of wealth, with its daily services at the Stock Exchange and the Bourse, with international exhibitions for its religious festivals, and political economy for its gospel, is progress, if it be progress at all, towards the wrong place. Baal, the god of the merchants of Tyre, counted four hundred and fifty prophets when there was but one Elijah. Baal was a visible reality. Baal rose in his sun-

chariot in the morning, scattered the evil spirits of the night, lightened the heart, quickened the seed in the soil, clothed the hill-side with waving corn, made the gardens bright with flowers, and loaded the vineyards with its purple clusters. When Baal turned away his face the earth languished, and dressed herself in her winter mourning robe. Baal was the friend who held at bay the enemies of mankind, cold, nakedness, and hunger; who was kind alike to the evil and the good, to those who worshipped him and those who forgot their benefactor. Compared to him, what was the being that "hid himself," the name without a form — that was called on, but did not answer — who appeared in visions of the night, terrifying the uneasy sleeper with visions of horror? Baal was god. The other was but the creation of a frightened imagination — a phantom that had no existence outside the brain of fools and dreamers. Yet in the end Baal could not save Samaria from the Assyrians, any more than M. Periere and the *Crédit Mobilier* can rescue Paris from Von Moltke. Paris, if saved at all, must be saved by a return to the uninviting virtues of harder and simpler times. The modern creed bids every man look first to his cash-box. Fact says that the cash-box must be the second concern — that a man's life consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses. The modern creed says, by the mouth of Mr. Bright, that cheating was reasonable competition, and false weights, once called an abomination, were venial delinquencies. Fact says that this vile belief has gone like poison into the marrow of the nations. The modern creed looks complacently on luxury as a stimulus to trade. Fact says that luxury has disorganized society, severed the bonds of goodwill which unite man to man, and class to class, and generated distrust and hatred. The modern creed looks on impurity with an approbation none the less real that it dares not openly avow it, dreading the darkest sins less than overpopulation. Fact — which if it cannot otherwise secure a hearing, expresses itself at last in bayonets and bursting shells — declares that if our great mushroom towns cannot clear themselves of pollution, the world will not long endure their presence.

A serious person, when he is informed that any particular country is making strides in civilization, will ask two questions. First personally, Are the individual citizens growing more pure in their private habits? Are they true and just in

their dealings? Is their intelligence, if they are becoming intelligent, directed towards learning and doing what is right, or are they looking only for more extended pleasures and for the means of obtaining them? Are they making progress in what old-fashioned people used to call the fear of God, or are their personal selves and the indulgence of their own inclinations the end and aim of their existence? That is one question, and the other is its counterpart. Each nation has a certain portion of the earth's surface allotted to it, from which the means of its support are being wrung: are the proceeds of labour distributed justly, according to the work which each individual has done; or does one plough and another reap in virtue of superior strength, superior cleverness or cunning?

These are the criteria of progress. All else are merely misleading. In a state of nature there is no law but physical force. As society becomes organized, strength is coerced by greater strength; arbitrary violence is restrained by the policeman; and the relations between man and man, in some degree, are humanized. That is true improvement. But large thews and sinews are only the rudest of the gifts which enable one man to take advantage of his neighbour. Sharpness of wit gives no higher title to superiority than bigness of muscle and bone. The power to overreach requires restraint as much as the power to rob and kill; and the progress of civilization depends on the extent of the domain which is reclaimed under the moral law. Nations have been historically great in proportion to their success in this direction. Religion, while it is sound, creates a basis of conviction on which legislation can act; and where the legislator drops the problem, the spiritual teacher takes it up. So long as a religion is believed, and so long as it retains a practical direction, so long the moral idea of right is the principle of the government. When religion degenerates into superstition or doctrinalism, the statesman loses his ground, and laws intended, as it is scornfully said, to make men virtuous by Act of Parliament, either sink into desuetude or are formally abandoned. How far modern Europe has travelled in this direction would be too large an enquiry. Thus much, however, is patent, and so far as our own country is concerned, is proudly avowed: Provinces of action once formally occupied by law have been abandoned to anarchy. Statutes which regulated wages, statutes which assessed prices, statutes which inter-

fered with personal liberty, in the supposed interests of the commonwealth, have been repealed as mischievous. It is now held that beyond the prevention of violence and the grossest forms of fraud, government can meddle only for mischief—that crime only needs repressing—and that a community prospers best where every one is left to scramble for himself, and find the place for which his gifts best qualify him. Justice, which was held formerly to be co-extensive with human conduct, is limited to the smallest corner of it. The labourer or artisan has a right only to such wages as he can extort out of the employer. The purchaser who is cheated in a shop must blame his own simplicity, and endeavour to be wiser for the future.

Habits of obedience, moral convictions inherited from earlier times, have enabled this singular theory to work for a time; men have submitted to be defrauded rather than quarrel violently with the institutions of their country. There are symptoms, however, which indicate that the period of forbearance is waning. Swindling has grown to a point among us where even Mr. Bright preaches patience unsuccessfully, and Trades-Unionism indicates that the higgling of the market is not the last word on the wages question. Government will have to take up again its abandoned functions, and will understand that the cause and meaning of its existence is the discovery and enforcement of the elementary rules of right and wrong. Here lies the road of true progress, and nowhere else. It is no primrose path—with exhibition flourishes, elasticity of revenue, and shining lists of exports and imports. The upward climb has been ever a steep and thorny one, involving, first of all, the forgetfulness of self, the worship of which, in the creed of the economist, is the main-spring of advance. That the change will come, if not to us in England, yet to our posterity, somewhere upon the planet, experience forbids us to doubt. The probable manner of it is hopelessly obscure. Men never willingly acknowledge that they have been absurdly mistaken. An indication of what may possibly happen may be found, perhaps, in a singular phenomenon of the spiritual development of mankind which occurred in a far distant age. The fact itself is, at all events, so curious that a passing thought may be usefully bestowed upon it.

The Egyptians were the first people upon the earth who emerged into what is now called civilization. How they lived, how they were governed during the tens

or hundreds of generations which intervened between their earliest and latest monuments, there is little evidence to say. At the date when they become historically visible they present the usual features of effete Oriental societies; the labour executed by slave gangs, and a rich, luxurious minority spending their time in feasting and revelry. Wealth accumulated, Art flourished. Enormous engineering works illustrated the talent or ministered to the vanity of the priestly and military classes. The favoured of fortune basked in perpetual sunshine. The millions sweated in the heat under the lash of the taskmaster, and were paid with just so much of the leeks and onions and fleshspots as would continue them in a condition to work. Of these despised wretches some hundreds of thousands were enabled by Providence to shake off the yoke, to escape over the Red Sea into the Arabian desert, and there receive from Heaven a code of laws under which they were to be governed in the land where they were to be planted.

What were those laws?

The Egyptians, in the midst of their corruptions, had inherited the doctrine from their fathers which is considered the foundation of all religion. They believed in a life beyond the grave—in the judgment bar of Osiris, at which they were to stand on leaving their bodies, and in a future of happiness or misery as they had lived well or ill upon earth. It was not a speculation of philosophers—it was the popular creed; and it was held with exactly the same kind of belief with which it has been held by the Western nations since their conversion to Christianity.

But what was the practical effect of their belief? There is no doctrine, however true, which works mechanically on the soul like a charm. The expectation of a future state may be a motive for the noblest exertion, or it may be an excuse for acquiescence in evil, and serve to conceal and perpetuate the most enormous iniquities. The magnate of Thebes or Memphis, with his huge estates, his town and country palaces, his retinue of eunuchs and his slaves whom he counted by thousands, was able to say to himself, if he thought at all, "True enough, there are inequalities of fortune. These serfs of mine have a miserable time of it, but it is only a time after all; they have immortal souls, poor devils! and their wretched existence here is but a drop of water in the ocean of their being. They have as good a chance of Paradise as I have—perhaps better. Osiris will set all right hereafter;

and for the present rich and poor are an ordinance of Providence, and there is no occasion to disturb established institutions. For myself, I have drawn a prize in the lottery, and I hope I am grateful. I subscribe handsomely to the temple services. I am myself punctual in my religious duties. The priests, who are wiser than I am, pray for me, and they tell me I may set my mind at rest."

Under this theory of things the Israelites had been ground to powder. They broke away. They too were to become a nation. A revelation of the true God was bestowed on them, from which, as from a fountain, a deeper knowledge of the Divine nature was to flow out over the earth; and the central thought of it was the realization of the Divine government—not in a vague hereafter, but in the living present. The unpractical prospective justice which had become an excuse for tyranny was superseded by an immediate justice in time. They were to reap the harvest of their deeds, not in heaven, but on earth. There was no life in the grave whither they were going. The future state was withdrawn from their sight till the mischief which it had wrought was forgotten. It was not denied, but it was veiled in a cloud. It was left to private opinion to hope or to fear; but it was no longer held out either as an excitement to piety or a terror to evil-doers. The God of Israel was a living God, and His power was displayed visibly and immediately in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked while they remained in the flesh.

Without pressing the parallel, phenomena are showing themselves which indicate that an analogous suspension of belief provoked by the same causes may possibly be awaiting ourselves. The relations between man and man are now supposed to be governed by natural laws which enact themselves independent of considerations of justice. Political economy is erected into a science, and the shock to our moral nature is relieved by reflections that it refers only to earth, and that justice may take effect hereafter. Science, however, is an inexorable master. The evidence for a hereafter depends on considerations which science declines to entertain. To piety and conscientiousness it appears inherently probable; but to the calm, unprejudiced student of realities, piety and conscientiousness are insufficient witnesses to matters of fact. The religious passions have made too many mistakes to be accepted as of conclusive authority. Scientific habits

of thought, which are more and more controlling us, demand external proofs which are difficult to find. It may be that we require once more to have the living certainties of the Divine government brought home to us more palpably; that a doctrine which has been the consolation of the

heavy-laden for eighteen hundred years may have generated once more a practical infidelity; and that by natural and intelligent agencies, in the furtherance of the everlasting purposes of our Father in heaven, it may again be about to be withdrawn.

#### LETTER FROM JERUSALEM.

SOME years ago, in building the new church and convent, under the auspices of M. Ratisbon, it became known that a double vault had been discovered in preparing the foundations. The authorities of the town at the time took but little or no notice of this. This season, however, in the search for water, a shaft sunk near the Governor's house opened in two subways running side by side from the Haram area to the North; on pursuing these they were found to run under the new Latin buildings. They were immediately recognized as ancient water-ways, although, owing to the accumulation of rubbish, the springs were nearly choked up. Part of the rubbish was of accidental origin, but the most considerable portion had been shot down from the convent, with the evident intention of filling up this interesting relic of the ancient city; the circumstances would scarcely allow of delay, and the Pasha therefore ordered the rubbish to be carried away. The convent authorities interposed with the representation that, as their property, the place ought to remain untouched. The Pasha pleaded that reservoirs and springs made for the public good originally could never be in private possession, that the terms of land sale did not by the laws of the city allow such to pass away from the public; and he proceeded with his useful work. Telegrams to and from Paris and Constantinople were despatched and received, all clashing with one another, but the work still proceeded. At this crisis the French Consul in full uniform descended to the vaults, and authoritatively demanded the evacuation of the subways. The workpeople, it appears, treated this and the formal declaration in the name of the French Emperor that the land was part of France, and only abandoned temporarily under the pressure of force, with scanty respect. Immediately afterwards the nuns removed, with all the children under their care, to another building at a distance, representing themselves as unsafe from the workpeople engaged, and the house in danger from the removal of the rubbish from the rock-hewn and arched tunnels. To exhibit the sincerity of this opinion props were placed against all the walls of the building in all directions. The quarrel at last reached such dimensions that a special commissioner from France and another from Constantinople, together with the Grand Pasha from Damascus, have been sent to settle the

matter on the spot. There is but little doubt the French influence will carry the point for the Latins, and so deprive the town of the blessing of a grand reserve of water, and disappoint the hopes of antiquaries who had watched the progress of the clearing-out with the expectation that another link would be given to the meagre evidence existing as to the ancient topography of Jerusalem. The double aqueduct is of the best character as masonry, although nothing has yet been discovered to decide its date. The span of the archways is about equal to that of the Thames Tunnel, to which in its double way the tunnel has a strong resemblance. The arches are in parts slightly pointed, but not more than enough to permit transition into the rounded form; about six or seven feet, perhaps more, from the original base are large openings from one to the other, to allow a superabundance of water to flow in or out; the blocks of stone used average about two or three feet; these being in as good a state of preservation as though the masonry had been finished but yesterday; these tunnels end to the south in a mass of native rock short of the Haram area, with, however, at the side of one an excavated channel, large enough for a man, said to lead to Siloam. The workmen speak of a third and fourth tunnel running parallel on the eastern side, but further south, to the Mosque itself. These, however, cannot yet be seen by the Frankish visitor.

AMONG the Japanese gentlemen, official and unofficial, now on their way to the West, for the purposes of study, is one who goes to Holland, to study medicine. Holland having had the monopoly of intercourse with Japan, the Netherlands language is still the foreign language most used and understood, but English is beginning to compete with it. Indeed, most of the party proceed first to New England.

APPROPRIATE — When the KING OF PRUSSIA becomes EMPEROR OF GERMANY, he will probably assume the title of PIOUS THE FIRST.

Punch.

From Chambers' Journal.  
SEEING LAPLAND.

If anything can be said to realize that imperious necessity for brain-workers and dwellers in cities, a "thorough change," it is such a summer trip as that described by Captain Hutchinson.\* In one of her delightful poems for children, Mrs. Howitt tells of the land over which

The sun rose redly up, to shine for half a year.

And here is the same charming story in prose, and without any uncongenial reference to the other half of the year, when darkness, imperfectly combated by the oil-lamp and the resinous torch of dwarf-pine, reigns in its turn. Absolute novelty without danger, and economy without discomfort, are two of the recommendations of this fresh field for summer tourists which Captain Hutchinson and his wife explored, accompanied by the following luggage: "Two small portmanteaus, each weighing thirty pounds, a travelling bath, some fifty pounds more, a bundle of rugs, and another of rods and umbrellas, a hand-bag, a gun-case, a fishing-basket, a waterproof coat, fifty pounds in English money, and a circular note for one hundred pounds." The fishing-basket never held any fish, but it did capacity for the guide-books and the sherry and biscuits. Of the one hundred and fifty pounds, the travellers brought back fifty untouched; and their hotel bills, which the writer conscientiously reproduces, are refreshing evidence that there is one corner of the earth, at all events, not yet devoted to the pillage of the defenceless voyager. Here is an edifying table of comparison:

*Lord Warden, Dover.*—Apartments, 6s.; attendance, 3s.; one cup of tea, 1s.; two cold-meat breakfasts, 5s.—Total, 15s.

*Marsely's Hotel, Kiel.*—Two tens, 1s. 10d.; lights, 1s.; breakfast for two, 1s. 10d.; dinner—two soups, 8d.; two mutton-chops, potatoes, 1s. 2d.; two sweet omelets, 1s. 10d.; two glasses of sherry, 10d.; two teas, 1s. 10d.; bedroom, 3s. 6d.; servants, 1s. 2d.—Total, 15s. 8d.

Further on, the charges are still more moderate; but even this example is cheering to the summer tourist who thinks of trying Lapland. Between the *Lord Warden* and *Marsely's* there is some uninteresting travel. After Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, there is Hanover, flattest of towns, "a paradise for bicycles," and Hamburg, which has nothing to recommend it

but the Alster basin, and the picturesque costume of the girls selling fruit. Then there is Holstein, where the north begins to suggest itself, with charming associations of Hans Christian Andersen, in the persons of the storks, of which Spartan birds the writer says: "We noticed many perched on stones, each selecting with great care the fattest frog in front of him before gobbling him up. A travelling companion told us that he saw them assembling themselves in the same field every year by hundreds. There they remain for a week, trying their wings by continual flights round and round the field. At length the last day comes, and then all the sickly ones, and any young birds that have not shown themselves sufficiently proficient in flying, or strong on the wing, are separated from the flock, and regularly pecked to death on the spot. The slaughter over, the survivors all rise together as one bird, and take flight to the sunny south, not to reappear until the following spring." From Kiel, of whose fine harbour the Prussians are rapidly making an imitation of Portsmouth, to Cors  r, is a pleasant trip in fine weather, but very much the reverse in bad, the sea being "tremendous" in the Belts if there is wind. The little island of Zealand, where the people talk the pleasant tongue of Gamle Norge, is flat, but fertile; it abounds in oaks and poplars, and has several surpassingly beautiful lakes. "We notice," says the writer, "that the young ladies are much better looking, more graceful, and not so 'cooky' as the Northern Germans, and the men chubbier and more weather-beaten. As for the soldiers, a Prussian looks as if he could eat half-a-dozen at a mouthful." There is not much to see at Copenhagen, but neither is there much to pay at the remarkably comfortable hotels; and the railway takes one in two hours to Elsinore, whence a little steamer transports one in fifteen minutes to the Swedish town of Helsingborg, on the other side of the Sound, where the natives are taller and better-looking than the Danes, though poorer and more ragged.

Now begins the journey through Sweden, the railroad passing by innumerable bright-red farm-houses, surrounded by out-buildings, but with rocky and sterile land around. At every station, huge bunches of beautiful lilies of the valley are offered for sale. After Malm  , the scenery improves rapidly, and glorious views are to be had of lakes surrounded by hills and rocks, and studded with pretty little islets. The whole journey, with its admirable ar-

\* *Try Lapland; a Fresh Field for Summer Tourists.* By Alexander H. Hutchinson, Captain Royal Artillery. London: Chapman & Hall.



rangements, its civil officials, its reasonable charges, its sumptuous and cheap refreshment station, is delightful, and its termination is a sight well worth the journey, were it far less pleasant. It is almost as difficult to give an idea of the beauty of Paris as of that of Stockholm, aptly called "the Venice of the North." No description can do justice to it, in Captain Hutchinson's opinion. It lies upon seven islands and two promontories, the water piercing it in every direction, and the streets rising up, one above the other, on each hill, like an amphitheatre. No level plain to be seen anywhere; and the splendid public buildings, the statues, the massively grand palace towering above all, in the centre of the city, form a spectacle which has few rivals in the world.

But all this is not Lapland; and as the travellers wished to see the midnight sun, they had to push on, in a small and crowded steamer, to Luleå. They took a small stock of preserved soup and beefsteaks, some English biscuits, a pound of tea, six bottles of sherry, and one of rum, and no doubt felt that now they were really off to "somewhere near the North Pole," as their friends vaguely described their destination. The little ship carried a miscellaneous cargo of flour, bricks, oil, machinery, cowhides, furniture, packages of clothing, beer, wine, velvet sofas and arm-chairs, two perambulators, and a bicycle. "We did hope," says the writer, in reference to the last objectionable article, "to have left such civilization behind us when we neared the Arctic Circle." Past beautiful coast-scenery, and with a tremendous sea, in which the heavily-laden little ship behaves gallantly, to Bathan, where the first glimpses of the black North are eagerly looked for, and where winter is still lingering in June. A hard, dreary, penitential spot, rocky, and covered with moss and lichens, a place where life is wrested from the soil on severest terms. For three years in succession the crops have failed to ripen, and the inhabitants have not, like the Lapps, reindeer to fall back upon. No wonder emigration is brisk there, and that thirty thousand of the people have gone to America within one year. The town does not boast a dozen wooden houses, yet it has an inn and a telegraph office, and—a story; a story about an iron cross, erected on a hillock close by, to the memory of a Swedish colonel and his men, who lie buried beneath—a story to the disgrace of Russia. This is it: "During the war, when the Gulf was covered with ice, a party of Russians made

a foray across on their sleighs; but in consequence of the severity of the weather, they arrived at Bathan in a most terrible plight, half dead from exposure and fatigue. They were taken in and hospitably provided for by their enemies, who nursed and fed them carefully, until they were recovered. They were no sooner strong and hearty, than they rose upon their preservers, and put them all to death."

Luleå, situated on an island with a magnificent bay, sheltering an immense fleet of timber-ships, is the most important town in the upper part of the Gulf of Bothnia, and was the travellers' starting-point for the interior of Lapland Proper. They were going to work their way to Quickjock, two hundred miles away, concerning the unparalleled beauty of which outlandish place they had heard much. Luleå is a very singular place. It contains two thousand inhabitants, but has neither prison, policeman, magistrate, nor soldier. The people are so well behaved that none of these institutions are necessary. Thieving is an offence unheard of; and on leaving your house, the door-key is hung on a peg outside, to shew all comers that you are not at home. "I pause," says Captain Hutchinson, momentarily adopting the style of Count Fosco, "to allow this wonderful fact to sink into the minds of my readers." This is the last point at which intoxicating liquors can be purchased, and they are not permitted to be sold out of the town, so that travellers can have only a small quantity for their own use. Any one in Lapland who wishes to get drunk must come hundreds of miles to do so. The travellers had not met with much encouragement from the Stockholm folk regarding their journey to Quickjock. They mostly turned up their eyes in silence, and set them down for mad. At Luleå they were told that not more than three travellers in a year made their way to the place, and no foreign lady had ever attempted it. But they persevered; and the only difficulties they had to encounter were caused by their not sending a "forbud," or messenger, in advance, to prepare the natives for their arrival. Their return was perfectly easy and comfortable. At Luleå they purchased a bottle of snuff, for the delectation of the natives. All Swedes are very fond of it. One may see a boatman stop rowing, pull out a large snuff-box, and fill the little spoon with which it is provided once, or even twice, emptying the contents each time, with a grunt of satisfaction, into his mouth. At Bobacken, on the Luleå river, public conveyances

cease to be had; and gigs, like Maltese go-carts, drawn by strong handsome Lapp ponies, and driven by strong good-looking Swedish girls, over indescribably dreadful tracks, are the means of locomotion. On then, again, in another crowded little steamer, through the narrowing river, with villages few and far between, and scattered saw-mills, and furnaces for making tar; the banks studded with birch and fir, and grass-lands beyond of sparkling emerald hue, to Swartha, Haras, and Edenfors. Here the scenery is beautiful, and the sun shines all round the clock. Likewise the mosquitoes swarm and bite with tropical vigour. From this point the travellers had to take their chance both for shelter and conveyance; but in beautiful weather, a perfectly safe country, and a never-setting sun, they were not much to be pitied. Part of the road to Jockmock lay through a portion of the forest which had been burned the preceding year, and the effect was very desolate and weird. Half-burned pines lay scattered in every direction; blackened trunks and gray shrivelled trees, scorched and killed, but still standing, stretched out their withered arms like ghastly skeletons. In many places, nothing but blackened ground to be seen, and then, again, patches of the most exquisitely coloured mosses and lichens, contrasting strikingly with the dismal face of nature around. "It is impossible to describe the feeling of loneliness and desolation which the traveller experiences as he crosses these never-ending Lapp forests; the stillness was quite oppressive, as for five hours we drove along and never saw a human being, and scarcely a bird, save a large owl, which startled us not a little, as it darted out from its nest. What night must be when it is dark, I would rather not try. But the sense of enjoyment must not be lost sight of!"

Soon the limit of the Scotch fir is reached; and Captain Hutchinson and his wife, in their little pony-gig, followed by a cart with their luggage, driven by a sturdy girl in male attire, cross the Arctic Circle, five miles from Jockmock — an interesting quaint town, commanding beautiful mountain views, and with the ceaseless roar of the great falls for ever in its ears. The town contains three hundred houses, and had thirty inhabitants when the travellers arrived there. The Lapps had gone to the mountains, driving their reindeer before them, to feed on the summer mosses. The houses are little shanties of the rudest construction, with holes for windows, and dotted about in the most irregular manner.

There is a queer little church, with a very sloping roof; and there is a melancholy young pastor, who keeps a school in which he civilizes the young Lapps. There is an inn, consisting of three rooms, scrupulously clean, the floors strewn with juniper shoots, "very pleasant until your boots are off." There was no meat, but the landlord bought a lamb for the travellers for four shillings and fourpence. They had wild ducks' eggs, and the green eggs of the golden eye. Captain Hutchinson was the first person who ever fished in the pools with a rod; the Arctic people use nets only, and fish in the lakes and streams. The scenery is beautiful, the clearness of the air intoxicating, the invigorating healthfulness of the place delightful, and the waterfalls sublime.

After a short delay and much enjoyment, they pushed on to the Lakes Pandjaur and Randjaur, with their exquisite cascades, and queer Lapp huts upon their banks; and then to Bjorkholm, where there is not a tree or shrub upon the island — nothing but grass — and the inhabitants live on fish in the summer, and on reindeer in the winter, as usual. In this wonderfully primitive place, a tiny Lapp woman gave the travellers a delicious meal, admirably cooked, of hot kippered salmon, reindeer, pancakes and eggs, and supplied them with most comfortable beds, with the whitest of sheets. From this tiny hostess they purchased an antique silver sugar-spoon of great beauty. Where did it come from? How had it found its way there? Their bill was two shillings and twopence.

A row of two hours brought them to Niavi, which looked grand from the boat. When they landed, they found that nearly all the inhabitants had gone to Quickjock, to celebrate St. John's Day, and only a Lapp girl and an old woman remained. Everything was locked up; and the girl was so frightened at the English strangers, she could only wring her hands and stare. They lit a fire for themselves, and broiled the remainder of the lamb-bone which they had brought from Jockmock, on a broomstick — "the most delicious broil we ever tasted." Then they slept on mattresses made of cow-hides, "very soft and comfortable;" and started next morning, by a rocky forest-path, to the shores of Saggat, the last lake between them and Quickjock. Five hours' rowing, against a tremendous current, and in the midst of superb scenery, with snowy mountains towering ahead, and the lake two thousand feet above the Gulf of Bothnia, and they

had reached the northern limit of the birch, that hardest of trees — had hit upon the right turning in their intricate water-route — had discredited the prophecies of their friends, and reached Quickjock. This picturesque and important town consists of four houses and a church, and may be accepted as the ultimate expression of Lapland. "Picture to yourself," says Captain Hutchinson, "two Swiss valleys, united together at the head of a lake. The low ground covered with small birch and willow, of exquisitely vivid green, a beautiful contrast to the dark forest of pine which rises immediately above it. The trees, already diminutive at the base, become more and more stunted as they approach the summit. Where the forest ceases, the shrubby willows, not more than two feet high, commence; and then we find a region where little is to be seen but mosses and lichens, close to the great fell running up to the Norwegian frontier; and, crowning all, a magnificent background of eternal snow. The village, with about thirty wooden houses (including barns and out-houses), all coloured bright red, stands on a grassy slope reaching to the water's edge. The tiny church, also of bright red wood, is built on an isolated hillock. Two rivers help to form the lake: the first flows down one valley in quiet grandeur, while the second bursts over immense masses of granite in hurried fury, making three falls of excessive beauty, the roar of which can be heard for miles. Add to all this a clearness of atmosphere peculiar only to the Arctic Circle, and a dryness which never allows of a fog, and this is Quickjock."

Surely this must be the true scene of the immemorially ancient German story of Sneewittchen and the "seven wee men;" and the little black and brown figures who ran about, and gathered into whispering groups of twos and threes, as the travellers' boat neared the village, are the descendants of the seven. No quaint or more delightful place in which to rest mind and body, and to feast one's eyes and one's soul with the beauty of nature, without any discordant influence, can be conceived. Here is no savage human life, to fill one with a mournful disgust, no strife, no cruelty, but a mild and gentle people — civil, harmless, laborious — to whom crime and violence are unknown — innocent and primitive, friendly and respectful. Their pastor, a nephew of the great Lapp botanist, Læstadius, holds an honoured rule over the little community. He took the strangers to his house, which com-

mands three distinct prospects, probably unrivalled in the world.

Quickjock wore its gayest aspect. The Lapps had come thither from all parts, to attend the service in the little church. St. John's Day is their great festival, on which they commemorate the arrival of summer. The pastor had at least twenty mouths to supply with food, and every morning two boats set off with their nets to the lake for the day's supply. They would return about eleven A.M. with a large quantity of fish; but it was never too large for the consumers, who would each of them eat six pounds as easily as one pound, if set before them. Nothing was ever left for the morrow. They subsist entirely on fish, milk, and rye-bread. The harmless little people pleased the travellers immensely. "There was a nice little couple," says Captain Hutchinson, "we took a great fancy to, and, after much consultation, decided to our satisfaction which was the boy and which the girl. As both men and women have long hair, and neither whiskers nor beard, and dress alike in high blue cloth billycock hats, and reindeer-skin coats and leggings, it is almost impossible to distinguish them. We asked them how old they were, and whether they belonged to the school. The laugh was against us, when we found the gentleman to be twenty-six, and the lady, his wife, twenty-four — instead of fourteen and twelve, as we had settled them to be." In this lovely living Lilliput, potatoes are the size of walnuts, lamb steaks as big as larks, and a calf about the dimensions of a large cat. No doctor is within a hundred miles, for the Lapps are never ill until just before they die; and the one doctor even at Luleå is in despair at the want of patients; The effects of climate are very curious to watch. The summer had set in, and everything seemed to be growing by steam; though Quickjock lies at such an altitude that an hour's walk up any of the mountains round would bring one to perpetual snow. With the warmth come the mosquitoes, which are as troublesome to the natives as to visitors, and are prepared against by covering the tops of the chimneys with sods of earth, and kept out by never opening the windows *at all*, and the doors only for the indispensable moment of ingress and egress.

On Sunday morning, the travellers had a grand opportunity for seeing the whole of the little settlement dressed in their best. The Lapps were in their "go-to-meeting" skins, and numerous beads and jewels. The Swedes were in black cloth

dress suits. "Even the children wear swallow-tailed coats, and trousers; and a more comical-looking little creature could not well be imagined than a tiny boy of four years old, whom we saw airing himself with his back to the fire, his hands under his coat-tails, just like the good old English gentlemen all of the olden time! There are seats in the church for one hundred and fifty, but twenty persons composed the congregation. Three hours' journey from the little town is Waldi Spiket, with a conical peak, surmounting a sheer precipice of one thousand feet, and range after range of snow-clad mountains rising one above the other beyond it. There is first-rate shooting to be had in the neighbourhood, ptarmigan, hares, wood-grouse, and dotterel; and in the low lands in front of the village, golden eye, wid-geon, teal, scaup, velvet-duck, &c. All this, with nothing to pay, no leave to be asked, and nothing to be desired but an English dog! Everywhere in the forest are strange sights, and strange birds, which have no fear of man, which whistle as one passes, and, though frightened for a moment at the report of one's gun, fly off for only a few yards, and then return, and twitter and chirp as before."

The ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks of fir sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants; well-beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of railway from London in Bradshaw. "These ants," says the writer, "cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges. One day I was jumping over a brook, and brushed with my head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water; in an instant I was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which I had disturbed."

After the travellers had sojourned for a week at the pastor's house, Captain Hutchinson wrote a note to him in his best Swedish, enclosing bank-notes for twenty-seven shillings, for six days' board and lodging, and asking permission to remain another week. The pastor borrowed his guest's dictionary, and although entirely unacquainted with English, concocted the following answer: "MASTER CAPTAIN—Much thanks for generous payment. Master and Mistress fain may to be here than one week!—With humility,

"L. LÆSTADIUS."

The travellers remained a fortnight, and were sorry to take leave of all but the

mosquitoes. When one reads of the glorious scenery, the splendid weather, the simple, healthful life, the innocent, friendly, honest people, and the delightful rest, and isolation from the turmoil of civilized life, with entire freedom from savagery, it is not surprising to learn that the travellers turned away with reluctance from Quick-jock.

From London Society.

#### THAT LIFE IS AN ART.

I CANNOT but think that among those intimations of Immortality vouchsafed to childhood and youth, concerning which our great ethical poet framed his noblest ode, one of the strongest is the illimitable aspect of time which we enjoy when young but lose in proportion as we advance. One of our earliest notions is that life might well be a holiday and work be remanded to odd seasons. We loiter on the mead and follow up each opening avenue in the belief that the day is practically interminable and even may overtake every delay before high noon. Later we find that we must gather up our sheaves betimes, and that we can hardly hope to achieve one tittle of the objects which we have proposed to ourselves as worthy of deliberate effort. We perceive, to use the language of the great originator of the Peripatetic philosophy, that Life is both an End-in-Itself and a Means to an End. The view that looks upon it as a means to an end is not dealt with in this paper, which yet acknowledges the seriousness and reality of that view. We perceive that existence is strictly limited and defined; that life is too short for needless friction on anything that wastes power; that we want to make the most and best of it. Gradually there grows upon us the idea that there may be an art in managing our lives, an *Ars vivendi*, Art of Life, and that this art, like any other, has its method and its instruments, and must be gained by constant practice, zealous imitation, and a true ideal. Life is both subject-matter and method; we seek rapidity and skill in manipulation to see the law in the instance and to divine the instance from the law. Experience makes fools wise; and unless we are those foolishhest of all fools who are not so made wise, we all attain to a certain skill in the management of the principles and details of life. We come, in fact, to act with the promptitude and certitude of machines, acting

unconsciously on principles and practice which we have laboriously built up, and which have become for us an Art of Life.

It would be a good thing for us if this principle were hammered into us as soon as we were susceptible of any hammering process. Let us get some light from the windows of illustration. You see there is a sense in which life is as a day and a day is as a life. There is a season and a time for things. It requires a good deal of reflection and experience to convince a man that the morning's work should be done in the morning, and that the things of the afternoon should be done in the afternoon. This is really made truer than most truisms. There are an immense number of men who are greatly given to lounging. Now lounging is an admirable thing in its way. There are few positive enjoyments which equal the negative enjoyment of doing nothing, and taking your time to do it leisurely and completely. An important part of the philosophy of life consists in lounging at the proper place and time. It is only in rest that you can store up force. A man has a good deal of work to do; things would be bad for him if he had not. They are bad for him if he is lounging while he should be labouring. Yet this lounging is exceedingly pleasant. To many people it is more attractive than anything else in the world. It is partly the enjoyment of rest, partly an unwillingness to come up to the scratch in the way of work, partly the enjoyment of giving free moderate play to one's faculties. In the "Memoir" of young Hallam it is mentioned that he was very fond of going about in men's rooms talking with them during the morning, and at such times he doubtless talked his best. Lord Rochester said that sauntering was the true Sultana of the affections. Dr. Johnson would work reluctantly and delayingly, but he would work with vigour. In the universities there is a large class of men who are often the precedent of A.H.H. But suppose these young fellows have some definite sort of work to do. They must go to their coach in the evenings. They are resolved that they will go in for honours, perhaps because circumstances practically oblige them to do so; perhaps because they are dominated by an ambition equally imperative. If these men have given themselves the luxury of common sense in the hours of work, they must do their work in the hours of leisure. They must sit in their rooms while the brilliant sunshine is playing through their casements, and other men are off to cricket or the

boats. Perhaps they have to work on until it is time to go to their tutors. They have done their work, but they have done it with discomfort, and they have also had their holiday time, but after a surreptitious and uneasy way. This is an illustration from the life of a day. It would be easy to apply it to the day of life.

Now a great part of that Art of Life consists in the skill with which a man will do, in the right time and in the right way, what he has to do. A man should school and train himself to seize the passing moment, and to secure every advantage of position. The knack of doing these things, or the art of it, comes from practice alone. This is an art very hard to acquire, even in that rudimentary form which consists in going in an orderly and thoughtful way through the business of the day. It is perhaps for this reason that the great majority of people are not brought to the necessity of learning this lesson for themselves. Most people have their hours of work rigidly marked out for them. Their hours are from ten to four. They go forth to their work and to their labour until the evening. They are not entrusted with any power of option. The clerk must be at his office, the school-master with his pupils, the doctor on his rounds, the barrister in the courts while the judges are sitting. They are constrained by a network of circumstance for which some of them cannot be sufficiently grateful. The whole business of life would fall out of gear if the steadiness of its transactions depended on their volitions. Then there are many people, the fine ladies and gentlemen of the world, who do not obey such laws, but are a law unto themselves. There are the students, and artists, and scholars, and thinkers who are left unfettered by precise lines of days and hours and seasons: they are left to their own need of exertion and sense of responsibility. I often think that a man is raised from a lower to a higher stratum of life. They have mounted to a higher class in the great school of life. Things are left to their honour. Theirs is the possession of law in freedom and of freedom in law. Sometimes this liberty is used in a servile spirit. Men force themselves into the mechanical round from which they have been liberated. They surrender themselves to inflexible rules. They pursue their work pertinaciously, losing that sense of elasticity and freedom which it was intended that they should possess. Such a man, dominated by that Lust of Finishing which John Wesley



denounced so strongly, will not leave off to note some curious phenomena, to watch a sunset, to hear rare music, to listen to brilliant converse. He is hardly making the best use of things. It is a great art, while carrying on the work of life, to seize every means of rising beyond it.

There is another class to whom is given abundant means and absolute leisure. They are happier than nobles and senators to whom an inexorable line of duties is marked out by their position. To pursue a former analogy, they are like delicate scholars to whom some simple lesson is assigned. Perhaps it is nothing else than to be in the van of intelligence and taste, to exemplify the law of kindness, to form and direct the tone of a neighbourhood. Even thus much would be a great deal. It is perhaps true that we are to find the highest examples of human life, the labour and sacrifice which as most voluntary are most meritorious.

Most people, consciously or unconsciously, construct some theory of life. That of Goethe's strikes one as being singularly complete, although we see even in Mr. Lewes' version its intense selfishness. For the most part there is a great narrowness in such theories. Any dapper shopboy talks of "seeing life," and each man of us prides himself on being "a man of the world." Probably a rat considers his rat-hole to be the world. There are undiscovered worlds beyond "the world" of which we worldlings speak. We only penetrate some province, and cannot even adjust its relation to the general geography. There are many men who believe that the great object of life is the development of the intellectual faculties. Their definition of this development is probably too narrow. It is not enough that a man should have travelled, have acquired knowledge, should live in the constant investigation and discussion of all the propositions that can be submitted to the human understanding,—a man should be many-sided. He should touch life at many points, and wherever he touches it he should make it the lever of advance. What will any amount of book knowledge do for a man, or what claim has he to the title of real culture, if he has no love or knowledge of Nature or has not entered into the world of music? True development consists in the harmoniously balanced development of the whole complex nature. That man has misused a great element in it who has missed the love of child, and wife, and friend. He misses much who has not the gift of the sympathy,

that true democratic feeling, which makes a man feel at home with want, struggle, ignorance, passion, aspiration, at the same time that it makes him free of the company of thinkers, poets, and good men. It should embrace some experience in sorrow, some knowledge of evils, the tears of repentance, the visions of faith, and the breathings of prayer.

Thus as a man gains experience he makes life not only an end but an instrument. His experience attains to something of a prophetic strain. He gains both in force and flexibility, in the mastery over materials and in the consciousness of power. The wings of all progress are love and knowledge. Its rules are to keep fresh the power of receiving ideas or impressions. Keep on learning and loving while there is breath. If, like Simon Stylites, you had a warning that you should "die to-morrow, a quarter before twelve," if you could spare the time from love, be mastering one more language or studying one more fact in Nature.

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From The Spectator.

#### MR. CARLYLE ON VERSE.

STUDENTS of Mr. Carlyle will not have been surprised at the outbreak against verse which was published the other day in his letter to Dr. Bennett. Near twenty years ago he first publicly broached the same heresy in his life of John Sterling, whom he strenuously advised,—perhaps in that case wisely,—to give up verse and stick to prose, but on grounds which were many of them equally applicable to all men and without reference to the individual faculty of the man. "Why *sing* your bits of thought, if you can contrive to speak them? By your thought, not by your mode of delivering, you must live or die," urged Mr. Carlyle to his discouraged friend. And again:—"Beyond all Ages, our Age admonishes whatsoever thinking or writing man it has,—'speak to me some wise, intelligible speech; your wise meaning, in the shortest and clearest way; behold I am dying for want of wise meaning, and insight into the devouring fact: speak, if you have any wisdom!' As to song so called, and your fiddling talent,—even if you have one, much more if you have none,—we will talk of that a couple of centuries hence, when things are calmer again. Homer shall be thrice welcome; but only when Troy is *taken*; alas! while the siege lasts, and battle's fury rages everywhere,

what can I do with the Homers? I want Achilles and Odysseus, and am enraged to see them trying to be Homers." And again, "Why follow that sad 'metrical' course, climbing the loose sand-hills, when you have a firm path across the plain." And now, it appears, Mr. Carlyle holds this doctrine still more strongly than when he did his best to discourage Sterling from verse-writing. He says to Dr. Bennett, — who actually had the intellectual nerve to send Mr. Carlyle a sonnet of his own composition: —

"It is one of my constant regrets, in this generation, that men to whom the gods have given a genius (which means a light of intelligence, of courage, and all manfulness, or else means nothing) will insist, in such an earnest time as ours has grown, in bringing out their divine gift in the shape of *verse*, which now no man reads entirely in earnest. That a man has to bring out his gift in *words* of any kind, and not in silent divine *actions*, which alone are fit to express it well, seems to me a great misfortune for him; but that he should select *verse*, with its half-credibilities and other sad accompaniments, when he might have prose and be wholly credible, if he desired it, — this I lay at the door of our spiritual teachers (pedants mostly, and speaking an obsolete dialect), who thereby incaleculably rot the world; making him who might have been a soldier and a fighter (so terribly wanted just at present), a mere preacher and idle singer. This is a fixed perception of mine, growing ever more fixed these many years; and I offer it to you, as I have done to many others in the like case, not much hoping that you will believe in it all at once. But, certainly, a good, wise, earnest piece in prose from you would please me better than the musicallest verses could."

From all which it appears that Mr. Carlyle's objection to verse consists in this, that there is something artificial, light-minded, and even falsetto-toned about it, as a mode of conveying meaning between man and man.

It rather surprises us that a writer who has so completely made a sort of prismatic prose style for himself — a style which to every man who makes acquaintance with Mr. Carlyle for the first time is apt to seem (no doubt very untruly and unjustly) a wonder of artificiality and affectation, — should be the one to assert that the form and matter of human thought are quite separable from each other, and that it is the latter only which has any real importance. Why, if it were only for Mr. Carlyle's peculiar comparatives and superlatives of adjectives, his very profuse employment of abstractions (such as "credibilities," "Eternities," and so forth), and a number

of other really unique and individual forms of speech, we should have enough to prove from the evidence of his own style alone, that special matter often determines its own form by some occult law of the inner faculty, and that it is idle to assume that a man can express his thought in any way he chooses, or that what would seem to one mind the most true expression of it, is really the expression of the other's meaning. And as for the "earnestness" of our age, Mr. Carlyle's own mind can hardly be said, — except under some very peculiar use of the term, — to want earnestness. Many would say that he is overstocked with some forms of that quality. And how does it show itself? Not indeed in climbing "the loose sand-hills" of metre, but, on the other hand, in elaborating a sort of special language for himself, which is overloaded and indistinct with excess of colour, which combines with a great hunger for the adequate vision of all physical facts, a certain wrathful melancholy at the littleness of the human world, and a vain yearning to introduce Titan-worship into it, in the hope of thereby making it somewhat less contemptible. This is expressed in Mr. Carlyle's writings by an illuminated kind of style, in which the *hinting* and *suggesting* resources of language are all developed so as to produce an almost inconceivable sense of high-pressure. The crowding of the colours into a sort of Turneresque short-hand, seems to shadow forth Mr. Carlyle's contempt for mere speech, and his wish to saturate language with meaning under the pressure of some half-dozen atmospheres till it has gained something of the electric effect of a moral discharge, and become rather a personal action than a speech. Mr. Carlyle's sovereign contempt for *minute* moral phenomena, for "thin" life, for small scrupulosities, is impressed somehow, chiefly by indirect touches of style, on every page of his writings. You might say that his "earnestness" overbalances itself very often into a lust for the moral-theatrical, which is on the very borders of falsehood, and that here his earnestness meets the extreme apparently most opposed to it. But this again paints itself in his style, which is far nearer moral theatricality than good *verse* is capable of being. What, for instance, does such a sentence as this, among those finding fault with Sterling for taking orders in the English Church, express? "So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdom grown. No fixed highway more; the old spiritual highways and recognized paths to

the Eternal, now all torn up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability, of brutal living Atheism and damnable dead putrescent Cant; surely a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness and the mere shadow of Death enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-current offering us Will-o'-the-Wisps for load-stars, — intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were except certain Old-Jew ones, which have now gone out." Translated into common prose, it would mean only that a vast deal of unreal and half-belief is mixed up with all the traditional creeds, that such unreal and half-belief is evil and weak and dangerous, and paralyzes what genuine belief there is in its fight with the brutalism of genuine selfishness and self-worship. But this crowd of metaphor, under which Mr. Carlyle sails, adds a great deal of indirect expression to that rather common-place opinion, and manages to make it express, besides what it does formally say, a vast deal of Mr. Carlyle's personal contempt for antiquated formulae, for all professions of accurate thinking about infinite subjects, for fanciful solutions of problems of which he recognizes no authentic solution, and, generally, for conventional and easy-going religious creeds of all sorts.

Yet one can see dimly why Mr. Carlyle, with all the peculiarity of his speech, hates, as he does, the rhythmical forms of English verse. What verse specially expresses is the imaginative completeness or satisfaction of the poet's mind or feeling, sometimes a sense of harmony between his mind and the subject of his thought, more often perhaps (and almost always in lyrical poetry) a sense of complete absorption in the life of his own emotion which, for the moment, is allowed to tinge everything he sees, and create, as it were, a universe for itself. Now neither of these states of mind is what Mr. Carlyle wants to express. In all his writings there is the fundamental wrath and melancholy of a mind in conflict with the world of men as he finds it, and anxious to express that conflict. A deep revolutionary fire glows in his veins, — not revolutionary in the popular sense, for he is always striving to shadow forth his contempt for the chief revolutionary processes of republican enthusiasm, but in a much deeper sense than the popular, in a sense which goes to the heart of the moral universe as we find it. He wants to see what he calls "silent divine actions" predominant everywhere, to extinguish the idle fret, and gossip, and fussy enthusiasms of

the world he sees, and substitute for them organized hosts of obedient souls waiting upon the silent signals of great men, as a servant waits upon the eye of his master. His whole soul protests because he does not find this. He cannot express the contempt with which he looks upon the foolish chaos of actual life as he sees it. And he cannot forget it and sink into himself. However he has not only no craving for the imaginative rhythm of verse; but he hates it as expressing a fundamental harmony which he cannot hear, and as hiding the anarchy he detests. His grotesqueries of style seem to say the same thing. When he talks of "musicallest verses," it is with a soul that protests against the existence of music in all this moral anarchy, and the odd form of his superlative somehow expresses this. Not that he himself is without a sense of music. On the contrary, his prose expresses often very finely that shriek of the retreating wave before it dashes again on the shore, in which the chronic conflict of earth and ocean is so wonderfully reflected. But in all his music there is the note of discord, which verse drowns. He is at one with the great silent forces of Nature, or tries to be so; but he no sooner sees man (and he cares very little about anything else), than he lifts up his voice and shrieks or sighs like the wind which precedes a tempest.

We have heard a very able literary man defend Mr. Carlyle's thesis, — so far as this goes at least that a great deal of the finest poets' thoughts might be just as effectively expressed in prose as in verse, — by referring to the fine prose scene in Hamlet (act ii., scene ii.), where we find Shakespeare putting such thoughts as these, for instance, into Hamlet's mouth and giving them in prose: — "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals." Yet nothing could better illustrate Mr. Carlyle's own preference of prose to verse. Hamlet speaks this fine passage in prose, why? Because he is expressing not so much his intellectual admiration, but the failure of his heart to admire, he is expressing not his feelings, but the *jar* in them. "It goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory! this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, — this brave o'erhanging, — this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing

to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." And how does he end his panegyric on the great master-piece of Creation, man? Why, by saying, "And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither." Indeed, nothing seems to us more remarkable than the use of prose by Hamlet throughout the play, to express that jar in his mind which Mr. Carlyle always feels so keenly. In the earlier part of the play, before the discord is fully developed, he speaks in the usual verse. Throughout, when in soliloquy, and not directly measuring himself against the world, he speaks in verse, which expresses the lyrical pain within him. Even with his mother, since he feels that she can partly respond to his passionate, but tender reproaches, he speaks in verse. But in fencing with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in his mockery of Polonius, in his harshness with Ophelia, in his bitter comments in the graveyard, in his scornful reception of Osric, he uses a prose nearer in tone and movement to Mr. Carlyle's than almost any other English literature could produce, though, of course, for many reasons different enough.

The truth is, that true poetry could no more be given in prose without a complete failure to express the writer's mind, than common every-day prose could be given in poetry; and Mr. Carlyle himself is one of our best witnesses. Doubtless a great deal of verse is mere prose in conventional fetters; but we doubt whether any of this was worth giving at all, either in prose or verse. Take the one great poet, who most often falls into pure prose, Wordsworth, and wherever you find a prosaic line, you find one which neither in prose nor verse was worth keeping. No doubt, Mr. Browning is a great exception to this. Many of his semi-dramatic monologues would have been studied with as much interest if they had been given in prose as in verse, and some of them with a great deal more. The Roman lawyers in "The Ring and the Book" would have been far more amusing and readable in prose than in verse. But then Mr. Browning, great as he is as an imaginative writer, is hardly a great poet. There is a jar between the acute practical sense in him and the visionary feeling which resounds through a very great part of his verse. But as for such an assertion as that Shelley's, or Tennyson's, or Wordsworth's poetry, or any true poetry whatever, loses "earnestness" by its form of verse, it seems to us simply ludicrous. Just imagine how this wail

would gain in "earnestness" by being expressed in prose:—

"When the lamp is shattered,  
The light on the dust lies dead;  
When the cloud is scattered,  
The rainbow's glory is shed;  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot."

Any cry of the spirit of this sort would, we take it, lose indefinitely in earnestness by its translation into prose; and to take quite another sort of composition, who would venture to distort and torture into prose even the highest specimens of specifically "earnest" poetry, Milton's "Samson Agonistes," or Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty"?—

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace,  
Nor know I anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face.  
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads,  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the most ancient Heavens through thee  
are fresh and strong."

No; Mr. Carlyle's objection to verse is the objection of a noble mind out of tune, which is always craving to mark the discords of its own depths. Verse is the natural and only possible instrument of expression both for overpowering lyrical feeling and for complete imaginative insight.

From The Saturday Review.

#### THE LESSONS OF THE ECLIPSE.

WE are now beginning to receive the reports, with a little more detail than the telegraph could give, of the various expeditions sent out, with assistance from the English Government, to observe the Eclipse of 1870. If we may trust the accounts which reach us from one at least of these parties, the great question of solar physics which it was the special object of this year's efforts to solve has been settled once for all. The Sicilian expedition, which, it will be remembered, was under the charge of Mr. Lockyer, claims to have fairly run down, after a long and exciting chase, the much-disputed Corona. If ever it was possible to feel pity for a material object supposed to be some millions of miles big, any one with a spark of feeling would have felt it during these last few

years for that particular phenomenon of a total eclipse of the sun which we have just named. It has been hunted from the sun to the moon, from the moon to the earth's atmosphere, and from the atmosphere back again to the sun, until in the end there were those even among the most sober-minded of our men of science who began to doubt and question whether there was any such thing as a corona at all. This time it was determined by universal consent that the thing should give no more trouble for the future; if the sky would but remain clear on the 22nd of December for just one minute and a half in the middle of the day, the corona should be marked down as well as telescopes, spectroscopes, polariscopes, and all the resources of philosophy could do it. With some hurry, but with an amazing amount of energy, three separate expeditions were arranged; and it is of one of these, the Sicilian mission, that we propose to give some account.

The organization of this party was complete, as regards the special work to be done by each member, at the moment when, one fortnight before the eclipse, they started from Charing Cross; but all arrangements of position were reduced to chaos by the unfortunate accident which, exactly one week before the day of the eclipse, saw the entire corps of observers crowded together on the lava rocks under Mount Etna, congratulating themselves on their personal safety, and engaged in the interesting speculation whether an object-glass which it cost months of polishing to bring into shape would be likely to be more safe when tossed by a sailor to a rock, than the delicate spectroscope, with its endless variety of screws and prisms, had been when it emerged, a pitiable object, from the chests and boxes which had accompanied its hasty transfer from the ship. The evening, however, saw the entire party safe at Catania, with but little damage done; and it remained to form a fresh plan of attack. Very great assistance was rendered, at a rather trying moment, by the American party, who were already in force, and whose experience was invaluable; and it was agreed that the proceedings of the observers should take an Anglo-American form, and that while the organization of each nation still remained intact, the observers should be to a considerable degree united, and the report published as a joint one. There were indeed few nations which were not represented in Sicily. M. Janssen, indeed, who had been expected in Sicily, took up his

station in Algeria. The island, however, teemed with science. Each body of observers had its special function, and each savant his special detail; down to the very German professor of the moral sciences who, when asked what his particular work was to be, replied that it was his intention to remain on the line of totality, and allow the eclipse to enter into his soul. Every one, however, was profuse in offers of assistance to the Englishmen, who by their misfortunes seemed to have deserved a special amount of sympathy. At Catania the rooms and gardens of a splendid monastery on the outskirts of the town — one of the largest in Europe, now used as a college — were placed at their disposal; at Agosta there was a detachment of Engineers, sent by the Government from Malta, ready to receive them. A couple of days were enough to dispose the various parties. Four posts of observation were selected. At Syracuse the chief photographers of the expedition were placed, at Agosta the largest body of the polarizers, at Catania and on Etna the most important of the spectroscopists; each division was rendered, however, as complete as circumstances would admit, and to each was attached one or more artists, whose business it was to make sketches of whatever phenomena presented themselves in the field of a telescope. So disposed, the little army of astronomers awaited the eventful day. It may serve as an illustration of the completeness with which the arrangements were made that, on the day before the eclipse, the varying solar "prominences," invisible to the eye or telescope, were caught, mapped, measured, and in the possession of the observers at the chief centre of operations.

The week of expectation was fine, and was spent in setting up the instruments, and practising their use. The day came, the eclipse happened, as it happened on the same spot twenty-two hundred years ago, and by the evening the telegrams were coming in which told of the fate of each division. Some had seen all, some nothing. At Syracuse it had been fine, at Agosta moderately fine; at Catania the darkest of clouds had cut off every ray of light; on the mountain the eventful moment had passed in the middle of a whirlwind of snow. The Etna party was indeed to be pitied. A body of seven, with Professor Roscoe at their head, had on the preceding day successfully carried up on the backs of a dozen mules their baggage and instruments, food and fuel, to a point more than 5,000 feet above the sea. An



attempt to push higher was defeated by the weather, and in a hut which was found upon the mountain they passed the night, wondering whether the storm, with its lightning and snow, which raged till morning, would yet give a chance of clear sky before two o'clock next day. It did clear at breakfast time; and far below, on the terrace of the monastery garden, might be seen with glasses the observatory of Mr. Lockyer. For some hours it was bright; all the precious telescopes were erected with cold fingers in the piercing wind; the batteries were charged, the adjustments made; and the commencement of the eclipse was noted just as the first floating clouds came up from the plain. As the sun darkened, the air thickened. When the moment of totality drew on, every one was at his post, even the one observer who had been despatched to take his chance yet higher up in the snow; and as the single minute of darkness passed, a hail-storm of extraordinary intensity descended on the party, almost blinding the eyes which were straining to catch a glimpse of the view which they had come a couple of thousand miles to see. Exactly eight minutes afterwards, the sky was clear again.

But it is time to describe what was actually seen by those of the expedition who were successful; and it is with great regret that we notice that among their number was not included Mr. Lockyer himself, to whose energy it was chiefly owing that success was achieved at all, and whose own observations would have been the most valuable, from his complete mastery of the science of spectroscopy, and the light which, by means of it especially, he has been able to throw upon the physical side of astronomy. We shall not attempt to enter into a minute discussion of the results gained, but will rather point out their general bearing; and this will be perhaps assisted by a few words of explanation. In total eclipses the sun is seen to be surrounded, first by the "chromosphere," a bright rim of reddish light, with an outline moderately well defined, presenting generally the same phenomena, though sometimes hidden when the moon happens to be particularly near the earth; and there is no reason to doubt that this consists of a layer or layers of incandescent gas, chiefly hydrogen, arranged in order of density. Secondly, the coloured prominences, projecting here and there from the edge of the chromosphere. These now present no difficulty whatever. They are discernible at all times by the Janssen-

Lockyer method, and are known to be outbursts of heated hydrogen, many of them thousands of miles high, and constantly varying in position and magnitude. Thirdly, the Corona. Of this sphynx of a phenomenon it is not only hard to say what it is, but even to say what it looks like; for while some observers on previous occasions have noticed only a finer halo surrounding the chromosphere, others have extended this into well-defined and gorgeous shapes, have given it brilliant streamers extending heaven knows how many diameters of the sun in length, and even an elaborate organism with bundles of parabolic rays. The American astronomers at the last eclipse declared that they found iron in its composition, even in that of these mysterious rays or streamers. What then does this eclipse reveal, as far as the accounts have come to hand? In the first place, there is a corona — which it is some relief to hear — and this corona is solar. The halo of which we spoke as surrounding the atmosphere is in fact an apparently achromic continuation of it; and it was observed by Professor Watson, well known in the United States as a patient and successful observer, to extend to about five minutes in height beyond the solar disc. He describes it as having the appearance of a shell, that well-known phenomenon of concentric layers which is presented by the nuclei of most comets which are near enough to be examined. Professor Watson also saw one of the "streamers" so often spoke of — and saw it disappear! It seemed to float away, he says, "like a veil." If, then, this observer is to be trusted — and there is no observer living who is more worthy of trust as regards a thing actually seen — the streamers are an atmospheric effect, and the corona, if we may continue to use the name, appears to be a solar envelope of gas surrounding the coloured gas of the chromosphere. Next come the observations of the polariscope, some of which have not yet reached us, but those which have at present come to hand are distinct enough. Briefly stated, they are these: — The corona (or outer chromosphere) is strongly polarized; therefore it shines with reflected light. It is polarized in a plane different from that reflected from the moon's surface at the moment of totality; therefore it is not atmospheric. It may hence be fairly considered to be a solar appendage, reflecting in an eclipse the light of the obscured sun.

Leaving further details, we turn lastly to the spectroscope; for, as no photographs

have as yet reached England, it is too soon to pronounce on the value of those which have been made. The most important spectroscopic observation was made by Mr. Burton, an observer fully to be trusted, at Agosta. He saw in the first place the ordinary spectrum of the chromosphere, including a certain line in the yellow part never before noticed; then the hydrogen lines, which were to be expected especially at the edge of these, and which simply show the comparative lightness of the substance which produces them; and lastly—a most important discovery—a clear green line by itself outside the part of the spectrum due to the chromosphere, and at about the same position as that noticed by the American astronomers last year. What is this green line? It cannot well be a hydrogen line, for, if it were, why were not the other well-known lines of hydrogen present? It cannot be iron, for the same reason. It is like no substance in heaven or earth which is dreamt of in our philosophy. It is a gas—or shall we call it a metal?—which is so extremely light that it floats above the hydrogen, which is in a region of so low a temperature that it alone of the materials in its neighbourhood can yield any spectroscopic results, and which is green in colour. But for the fact that, as the polariscope shows, it shines chiefly by reflected light, this corona would, at all events as far as this particular gas is concerned, be green; and as this is the very outside shell of all the shells of the sun hitherto discovered, we may even lay it down as an interesting fact in natural science that, as far as we know it, the sun is green on the outside. The only thing now left is that our chemists should produce this hitherto unknown substance in their laboratories, as they have already produced the similar thallium; or even perhaps the Janssen process may be repeated over again, and the workers with the spectroscope may not rest satisfied till they have traced this mysterious line in open day, and without the aid of an eclipse. Nay, what if it has been traced already? If this remote green line is the same which has been found in the aurora, and which is believed to have been found in the zodiacal light, what are we to say of the ranges of such a discovery? Have we in any sense, with any limitations, touched the edge of that cosmical ether, that unknown substance, which everything points to and nothing shows, which is yet perhaps revealed under certain magnetic conditions in the higher regions of our at-

mosphere; and can this mysterious gas be nothing but a zone of the pervading ether itself rendered luminous by the intense heat of the sun? Perhaps this may be a conjecture to which sober science has no right as yet to proceed; but, whatever the case may be, this green line in the spectrum of the outer chromosphere of the sun is the door by which those will for a long time enter in who wish to search with success the regions of cosmical science as yet unexplored.

We may have dwelt too long upon the surmises to which these observations will give rise; but there is one point which ought not to be omitted, as with it is connected one of the most remarkable of the discoveries made. All that has now been made known was exactly in accordance with the predictions published beforehand. The instructions issued to the observers by the Organizing Committee point with extraordinary minuteness to the result which has been obtained. Read them with a change of tense, and they will almost serve for a history of the observations made. Even the height of the corona, five minutes in extent, by one of those happy strokes of luck which are always happening when men of real scientific genius take to predicting, is exactly what was tentatively predicted. But the most striking of all coincidences was this. We mentioned above that, on the day preceding the eclipse, observations of the invisible solar prominences were made by means of the spectroscope. The work was in the hands of one of the Catania party, Mr. Seabrooke, who on the morning of the 22nd produced a map exhibiting their position and height. During the eclipse, Professor Watson, as we stated, sketched the corona carefully. The greater part of the next day was spent by him in making an exact drawing from his sketch, showing as accurately as possible the irregularities of its outline. In the evening this drawing was compared with the map of the prominences, and it was found that they exactly corresponded. The protuberances in the circle of the corona represented throughout the prominences which existed beneath, which were never seen at all, and which had been mapped beforehand in the way which we pointed out. Clearly the substance which gives rise to the corona was subject to the hydrogen storms beneath it, and bulged out in obedience to their pressure. Nor is this all; for the fact that the corona on this occasion was found by American observers to be smaller than that of last year is just what would have been expected

by any one who noticed that, as Mr. Lockyer has shown, the prominences have been decidedly diminishing in extent during the past year.

We may hope to have another opportunity of recurring to the subject in connexion with the observations made by other expeditions sent out for the same purpose; but we have said enough to show that at any rate the Sicilian party has done good work, and that the trouble and expense which it has taken to send them to their stations have not been thrown away.

From The Spectator.

#### PERSONAL PERSONAGES.

NEWSPAPERS have an obstacle to contend with in their daily record of history which very often escapes attention, and that is the difficulty they have both in obtaining and diffusing that clear impression of the minds of the leading personages in the world which those who may read the history a century hence will probably possess. This knowledge is very often essential to the comprehension even of daily facts, and is always essential to the understanding of their general bearing; yet it is sometimes unattainable by publicists, and almost invariably unattainable by their readers. Foreigners very seldom quite understand the governing men even of free countries, men who are incessantly before the public; and of the Personal Personages, as they may be called, the men who are powerful from other reasons than their eloquence or their official acts, it is hard to get and harder to publish the merest outline of truth. Nobody, perhaps, in possession of great power was ever studied with more painful attention than the Emperor Napoleon, and certainly nobody ever was described with less of respectful reticence. He was known by thousands as a private individual, he was surrounded as Emperor by enemies and spies, he lived in critical, censorious, gossipy Paris, it has been the interest of his successors to publish unpleasant scandals about him; yet we doubt if a hundred Englishmen are aware of his grand defect as an administrator, ever think of him as a saunterer, a victim to an excessive, almost abnormal, indolence. The daily, hourly, work, hard disagreeable work, work about details, work compelling him to scold, and censure, and hurt a hundred men a day, which Frederick the Great delighted in, and which would have

saved France, was almost impossible to him. He would have died of the distasteful toil, would, we believe, scarcely have attempted it even had he known the ruin his favourites were working by their neglect, indolence being, in natures like his, a passion as strong as opium-eating. This defect, though perfectly well known to his intimates, was entirely unknown to the majority of men, yet it may well have been the one which ultimately proved fatal. Take Marshal Prim again. Nobody, perhaps, ever stood forward more distinctly before the world, nobody had lived more in public, nobody had been more carefully watched; yet among average Englishmen how many have any distinct conception of Prim, how many know what manner of man he was, have any fixed opinion as to the motives which impelled him to adopt his almost unintelligible policy? Was he a patriot, or a would-be Cæsar, or a mere soldier? a vain man, or a covetous man, or a plain man? How many are there who can answer those questions as they will be answered a century hence? Yet till they are answered, who can write with any approach to accuracy the history of an interregnum which depended mainly upon the personal characteristics of the Dictator? A dozen diplomatists doubtless think they know all about him, and how many of them agree in their delineation of his character? There is a stately man reigning down there in Vienna, whose personal alliance is of the last importance to Englishmen, for if with it we might not secure the alliance of Austria, against it we certainly should have no chance, the Emperor still swaying not only the Army and society, but Count von Beust; yet how many Englishmen have the faintest conception of the manner of man Francis Joseph is, whether he is essentially a tyrant, as they thought in 1849, or at heart a constitutionalist, as they want to believe now; whether he is, as men used to say in 1856, liable to fits of headstrong resolve, or whether, as men reported after Sadowa, he is a sadly patient politician? Does anybody even so much as know for certain whether he is an Ultramontane or not? and yet think what issues may depend on that, how that must modify all future Austrian legislation. Bismarck is better known, the epigrammatic phrase "A Junker of genius" happening not to be so inaccurate a description of his inner self as epigrams usually are; but who knows anything of the loftiest figure in Europe, the new Charlemagne, the proud

old man who accepts God as a kind of partner, yet is probably pious; who weeps over a hospital ward, yet can starve Paris down; who shows no sign of purely intellectual capacity, yet never chooses the wrong man: who must have a vast ambition, yet waves aside an Imperial Crown? To know King William's mind is to understand the war, and how much is known of it abroad? Absolutely nothing at all. There are not five men in England, there are probably not ten in the world, who understand accurately and certainly the impulse which led King William after Sedan to Paris; or what is the nature of the self-distrust which makes him deem himself an involuntary instrument, a divinely chosen weapon of retribution, yet leaves him free to desire territory; or whether indeed that self-distrust or that desire is his. And then his son. The Crown Prince married an English princess, and partly from that cause, partly from his occasional graciousness to Englishmen, but chiefly from his bearing, we all here think of him with a certain hope; but who among us all really knows him, who is certain that he is more than a Hohenzollern? He looks it, and the face is usually a true index of character; but then faces are inherited. It may be Queen Augusta, not Crown Prince Fritz, who is looking through those steady, searching eyes; some far-away ancestress who has given that seemingly kindly mouth. No one is or can be certain about him, and yet he may give the tone to a new epoch.

We doubt very greatly whether this ignorance is ever likely to be much dispelled. The power of the individual does not decline—four or five deaths would even now change Europe—but the power of the public to understand an individuality does. Inquisitiveness, no doubt, is greater than ever. Publicity is greater than ever. Analytical ability, if not greater, is more diffused than ever. But the ruling men of the world are as conscious of these things as the subject men, and the former do not like them, and they have discovered defences which are nearly impervious in etiquette and formalism. No King now fails to make of his palace a Castle of Silence, where nothing done or said produces a reverberation loud enough to be heard outside. Even at Windsor the rule is to be blind, deaf, and dumb, and in the des-

potic Courts a breach of the rule would be summarily avenged. No public man except perhaps Count Bismarck, ever allows himself to be natural in public,—to say exactly what he thinks, to let the public into that chamber wherein he keeps his inner self. In his most unguarded moments he still remembers that he is under that "fierce light which beats upon a throne," and shelters himself in an impalpable white fog, which the light somehow does not penetrate. The old utterances of Kings are full of their individuality. Modern Sovereigns, Napoleon partially excepted, all talk alike in public, King William's colloquial telegrams being merely a concession to the homeliness of German taste, and no more an evidence of character than Maria Theresa's exclamation in the theatre, "My Fritz has a boy!" was proof that she was not the proudest woman in Europe. Statesmen of old lived in public, and worked in Cabinets; ours work in Cabinets, and live their true lives within their own four walls. Many of them, like General Grant, Count Moltke, and at times the Emperor Napoleon, defended themselves from curiosity and criticism by a systematic silence sometimes curiously at variance with their natural tastes, while all either catch or affect the trick of the diplomatic caste. The desperate effort made by American journalists to break through this defensive reticence has on the whole, proved a failure, the statesmen "interviewed," either refusing to reply to interrogatories, or replying in speeches as reticent and as well-considered as any other of their deliverances in public. The Courts are not likely to surrender their etiquettes, and they are likely more and more to conciliate the journalists, who, already indisposed to break through the etiquettes of personal criticism, will, we conceive, become more and more reserved, till at last it will be as difficult for the *Times* to discuss a statesman like Bismarck, as it would be for Mr. Ayrton in the House to analyze the character of the Queen. There may be gain of a kind in this reticence, for the "fierce light" does not altogether improve the character of those upon whom it falls, rendering them cynical if they despise it, and weak if they are sensitive to it, but the gain is most certainly not a gain to the daily history of the world.

From The New York Evening Post.  
IS A PLEBISCITE NECESSARY?

BY FRANCIS LIEBER.

THAT portion of the American population which takes a lively interest in the present war between France and Germany is by this time pretty well divided, according to the sympathies for the one or the other country, and those whose affections incline toward France, for whatever reason, maintain that, according to good faith and international honor, no acquisition of French territory by Germany ought to take place without the inhabitants of the respective territories having expressed themselves in a *plebiscitum* favorable toward annexation to Germany. Why a good many Americans sympathize with France, we need not here consider. Some say that France is a republic, and republicans must go for republics—right or wrong,—others, and there are a great many, say and still more *feel* that from Paris come all “the pretty things.” In short there are many Americans who think they are in favor of France, and being so, instantly leap to the conclusion: “Let the Elsassers decide their own fate.” Even leading Germans, at least one of them, Dr. Jacobi, has publicly and strongly expressed this idea. It is with this question that I intend to occupy your readers for a short time. I leave the question aside—Is it wise for Germany to take a single foot of French territory? For argument's sake, we suppose that it is in harmony with profound statesmanship and necessary for the safety of Germany, as well as for the peace of Europe, that Elsass and Lorraine, or a portion of the latter, be incorporated with the German empire; and here only ask whether this ought to be done by a high-minded people without a *plebiscitum*—whether Americans, professedly lovers and cultivators of freedom, must not naturally be expected to side with the French. Let us judge of the question with manly calmness and just sincerity. Sentimentalism does no good; pretended sentimentalism does harm in every way.

Of the Roman *plebiscitum* nothing need be said here, but that it does not fall within the limits of the present discussion. The *plebiscitum* of antiquity was a resolution of the *plebs* as distinguished from the Senate, and the *plebs* were not a nation, but simply the non-patrician population of Rome and its immediate vicinity.

The modern *plebiscitum* is exclusively a French, nay, more, a recent Bonaparte, innovation. There are now two sorts of

plebiscites. The one is the plebiscite by which a nation is made to appear regulating its own internal and national affairs by universal voting. The French have had seven plebiscites since the famous eighteenth of Brumaire (9 Nov. 1799). Napoleon III. had three of the seven plebiscites—one ratifying his rebellion against the Republic, in 1851, the other conferring the imperial crown on him, and the last in the year just past, declaring the fullest possible confidence in his government and the necessity of the Bonapartes. This happened a few—very few weeks before the same nation is made to appear approving the republic.

Plebiscite in modern French public law designates a resolution or decree pretended to be adopted by the nation at large; that is, by the majority of voters, of all Frenchmen twenty-one years old and above. They furnish good handles for the time, but are singularly untrustworthy, as every man, learned in election practice, sees at once, when he considers that these *plebiscites* allow no vote but yes or no; that no discussions, no meetings, no party formations are allowed; that the chief of the state has the whole army, all the offices, the entire administration and the whole election apparatus, before and after the voting, in his hand. Consider this, and see what becomes of *l'Elu du Peuple*. So far as history goes it must be laid down that the modern *plebiscite* is singularly untrue and hollow, and the reasons can be readily discovered. It was the predominant desire of the Emperor, now captive in Germany, to proclaim his so-called democratic absolutism as being the result of, and pre-eminently founded upon, the national decision. He adopted the official style: We, Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French. Napoleon the First styled himself by the grace of God and the constitutions of France. The last *plebiscite* had appended to it by the Emperor what in parliamentary slang is called a *rider* concerning the confidence which the nation has in the Bonapartes and the necessary continuance of their dynasty. More than seven millions voted yes; yet in no more than four months after, the Bonaparte empire, *plebiscite* and all, tumbled down, no better than an isolated mountain-house with rotten rafters, in a somewhat blustering wind. The empire, *le système*, as Napoleon I. was so fond of calling it, broke to pieces. And the breaking came from within. Compare it to Prussia, cut down, exhausted, in 1807,



almost to nothing; yet in less than six years she rises into one of the five great powers of Europe. Give the army and all civil power over a people unpractised in civil affairs and untutored in self-government and especially, give the whole manipulation of the election into the hands of an absolute power-holder, and he must be a singular being if he does not turn the weathercock the way he wishes it to stand.

As to international plebiscites, by which the people of a certain territory decide whether they desire to belong to one or the other of two governments, placed before them, we have three in recent history. The case of Venetia and, quite recently, that of Rome, were foregone conditions and exclusively *pro forma*. Suppose, the one or the other had turned out differently, what then? The same question suggests itself concerning Savoy and Nice. Would Napoleon III. politely have allowed Garibaldi's countrymen to remain Italians, and Savoy to remain with the House of Savoy, had the vote turned out to be against the Bonaparte? But care was taken that this should not take place. The more we learn about the details of the vote by which Savoy and Nice were annexed to France, the more bitterly has the friend of men to regret the contradiction of the liberal form and the essential illiberality of a *plebiscite* under such circumstances. It becomes a mockery, and a very bitter farce. This was a peaceful cession. As to conquests, France, the author of the resuscitated *plebiscite* (at least of the name), has never asked the people of territories conquered by her whether they would like to become French; on the contrary, she has again and again disposed of land and people at a distance, and in amity with her, in treaties with other powers, as was proposed in the Benedetti transactions.

We Americans have five times extended our territory. The annexation of Texas was the admission of a State, considered independent, to our Union by treaty. The acquisition of California, however, was by conquest. After we had been victorious over Mexico, Upper California was ceded to us, and no one ever asked for a *plebiscitum* by which the Californians should express their willingness to become citizens of the United States, or the contrary; or for a *plebiscitum* on the part of the remaining Mexicans, by which their willingness might have been expressed, to part with Upper California. The logic of the case, it seems, would require the latter

as well as the former. New Mexico was acquired later by mere buying and selling. No one thought of a vote at the hands of the New Mexicans, whether they would or would not be Americans. The most important American case, however, is that of Louisiana. The almost boundless territory of Louisiana was acquired by purchase; a Bonaparte ceded it in 1803 for \$15,000,000, and the President, of all American presidents, most inclined toward French democratic ideas, transcended, as he himself acknowledges, the Constitution, in order to obtain the whole valley of the Mississippi and its mouth, considered, and justly so, a necessity for the development of the United States. And was a single inhabitant of Louisiana, then citizen of the republic of France, called upon to express his idea about the transfer of his allegiance, or was it considered against the honor of France or her First Consul that French territory, having been such longer than Elsass, should be ceded to another power?

When our government directed General Jackson, in July, 1821, to take possession of Florida, according to a treaty with Spain, no Spaniard resident in Florida, and no other inhabitant, was asked for his vote about the cession of that country.

So far for the American practice and all but universal history of annexations. The law of nations cannot be cited in favor of *plebiscites* in cases of annexation, for no such rule or custom exists. In many, perhaps in most cases, the *plebiscite* would be impossible; in no case can it be relied upon; nor can an annexation *plebiscite* be demanded from the highest philosophical point of view. An annexation *plebiscite* is, touching the question of transferring allegiance, a most elementary question, beyond the established law of the land; and who, we must ask at once, has decreed, or on what reason is it founded, that a mere majority of men of a certain age shall determine the allegiance of all, the minority, which may be imagined to be large, included? Why not demand two-thirds? Why not three-fourths? But still more difficult to be answered is the question, Who established, in a case of so elementary a character, the right of the living to determine the allegiance of the unborn generations?

The majority principle is a late acquisition in the history of nations. There were times when with some people the unanimity principle prevailed, and the two-thirds rate existed almost every where in the Middle Ages. Any nation has an un-

doubted right to decide for itself whether or no it will be governed in municipal matters by a majority; but in no case can that majority, be it large or small, plead a *jus divinum*.

If it be maintained that a plebiscite, or a majority of the then living generations must decide in all cases of conquest, whether the conquered choose to belong to the conqueror, it follows, by plain and untortured logic, that wherever we know that a portion of a country would separate if it were allowed to go, we must let it go. No Northern American can lay his hand on his heart and say, that had the vote of the South been taken in 1863 or 64 an overwhelming plebiscite would not have gone against us; nor can any Englishman pretend to doubt that Ireland would give, or at least would have given a short time ago, a plenary plebiscite against a continuance of the union with Great Britain. But there are greater aims and higher destinies than can be settled for nations and unborn generations by a little calculation of subtraction. We knew and felt that we must and ought to remain one country, and that those who wanted to separate must be kept back, nolens-volens. For centuries France has preyed upon Germany; has striven to rule as European dictator, and missing this to have at all events the "leadership" of Europe; has been the disturber of the civilized world; and has in her reckless restlessness made war, unceasing war against Germany. Germany which thinks it stands in need of Elsass against France for many and weighty reasons, is not obliged in reconquering the province, to resort to the form of plebiscite.

The whole idea of annexation *plebiscites* is novel; has been set a-going by the people among the least expert of all nations in matters of popular politics and least acquainted with practical liberty in civilized countries; it may be resorted to if people can agree about it; so far there can be no reliance placed in large *plebiscites*, or in annexation *plebiscites*; there is no general moral obligation to resort to the latter in cases of war or purchase; an annexation plebiscite does not do away with the odiousness of force, since no one could resort even to the *plebiscite* if territory had not already been conquered; and lastly, we Americans place ourselves in an awkward position if we demand in the name of liberty or liberality, a *plebiscite* for Elsass. We had better follow our much-vaunted Monroe doctrine, and leave Europe to herself.

It is not necessary to discuss now the question of dishonor involved in the cession of territory. Other people, besides, the French, possess the feeling of honor, but they have never been asked concerning that point by the French. Paying money, losing battles, ceding vessels, one would think would touch the honor quite as much.

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From The Boston Daily Journal of Jan. 26.  
DEATH OF GEORGE TICKNOR.

AMERICAN literature has lost one of its most distinguished ornaments, through the death of Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR, which melancholy event took place this morning between three and four o'clock, at his residence in Park Street. Though he had lived to the great age of nearly eighty years, and therefore had much exceeded the allotted term of human life, it is impossible not to experience a feeling of lively regret when called upon to mention the departure of one who had done so much honorably to illustrate the American name.

Mr. Ticknor was a native of this city, and was born in Essex street, on the 1st of August, 1791. Having been prepared, at home, for college, he studied at Dartmouth, and was graduated in 1807, at the early age of sixteen, in the class with Josiah Parsons Cook and Sylvanus Thayer, who are still alive. On his return to Boston he continued closely to study the classical languages for three years. He then selected the law as his profession, and devoted to it three years of preparation, and was admitted to the bar in 1813. But for the lawyer's pursuits he does not appear to have had much taste, as success in the courts seldom leaves a man much time for literature. In 1815, after the restoration of peace to Europe, he went abroad, and did not return to his country for five years. For two years he studied at the University of Göttingen, devoting his time to philology. This course he kept up in other places in Europe, living at Rome, Paris, Madrid, London and Edinburgh, and travelling extensively. Traveled Americans were but few in those days. He saw much of society, and became acquainted with many distinguished personages, among whom were Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Goethe, Wordsworth, Francis Jeffrey, Southey, Lord Holland, Sir James Mackintosh, and Samuel Rogers, all of whom were disposed to look with kindness

upon cultivated Americans. Lord Holland's familiarity with the language and literature of Spain naturally would have made that liberal and good-natured nobleman partial to a young American who had devoted attention to them. Sir Walter Scott thought highly of him, and in a letter to Mr. Southey, written on the 4th of April, 1819, he said of him: "I shall like our American acquaintance the better that he has sharpened your remembrance of me, but he is also a wondrous fellow for romantic love and antiquarian research, considering his country. I have not seen more than four or five well-lettered Americans, ardent in pursuit of knowledge, and free from the ignorance and forward presumption which distinguish many of their countrymen. I hope they will inoculate their country with a love of letters, so nearly allied to a desire of peace and a sense of justice." This hope has been realized, and probably no man did more to bring about the growth of literature in America than Mr. Ticknor. With Mr. Southey he continued on the most intimate terms till the laureate's death, the two men having much in common as well in character as in devotion to peculiar branches of the higher literature.

Mr. Ticknor returned to America in 1820, and assumed the post of Professor of French and Spanish Languages and Literature, and *Belles Lettres*, in Harvard College, to which he had been appointed during his residence in Europe, and which had been recently created. He began a Course of Lectures, which are yet remembered, not only because of their literary excellence, but because they were, so to speak, of an innovating character, and alarmed the literary conservatives of those days. Writing of them almost thirty years later, that profound judge of such matters, the late Mr. Prescott, the historian said—"We well remember the sensation produced on the first delivery of these lectures, which served to break down the barrier which had so long confined the student to a converse with antiquity; they opened to him a free range among those great masters of modern literature, who had hitherto been veiled in the obscurity of a foreign idiom. The influence of this instruction was soon visible in the higher education as well as the literary ardor shown by the graduates. So decided was the impulse thus given to the popular sentiment, that considerable apprehension was felt lest modern literature was to receive a disproportionate share of attention in the scheme of collegiate education."

The effect was thoroughly good, as it tended to enlarge the field of enquirement and the range of thought, and to Professor Ticknor must be given no small share of the credit that is due to the men who have made our systems of education broader and more comprehensive than they were during the early years of our national life. A more catholic spirit began to prevail, and liberal ideas became popular and powerful.

After holding his Professorship fifteen years, Mr. Ticknor resigned it, and made a second visit to Europe in 1835. He remained there three years, giving most of his time to matters connected with the language and literature of Spain. It is a fact to be noted that a large number of the best American scholars have shown a strong partiality for Spanish subjects when writing. The highest works of Washington Irving were devoted to such subjects, the world owing to him the best *Life of Columbus* it has, and other works on the history of Spain and Spanish maritime discovery, not to mention lesser works illustrative of Spanish life and action. Mr. R. C. Sands, who died too young to take that place in American literature for which he seemed to have been born, wrote on Spanish themes, and proposed to give a history of the conquest of Mexico. General Cushing early gave his attention to Spanish matters, and never has altogether neglected them, and what he wrote thereon is well worth attention. Mr. Prescott's labors on Spanish history are known to all, and are among the most popular of all writings. Mr. Motley's writings treat of subjects that are as essentially Spanish as Dutch; and Mr. Gayarre's work on Philip II. is justly admired. These writings, not to mention others, seem to have prompted, in part at least, a desire to pay the debt which America owes to Spain, the country under whose patronage and banner, and at whose cost, Columbus made the most memorable of voyages. Mr. Ticknor may be set down as entitled to the highest place in this distinguished list of Americans. He it was who procured attention to Spanish subjects in New England, and gave that direction to study here which has wrought results so remarkable. When he went abroad a second time, Mr. Ticknor had formed the design to write a history of Spanish literature, and his studies and inquiries all were upon the subject, which had assumed form and shape in his mind. He labored on the work for more than ten years after his return to America, and in 1849 appeared "*The History of Spanish*

Literature," in three octavo volumes, published by Harper & Brothers. No American has written a better historical work than this, though some Americans have written on more popular historical themes than that to which Mr. Ticknor devoted so much time, talents and learning. Most histories of literature are tedious works, even when highly valuable, or they are but brilliant sketches. Mr. Ticknor's work is neither tedious nor sketchy. It is as brilliant and as philosophically written as it is exhaustive. The entire story of Spanish Literature is told, and in such a manner as to account for its peculiarities, and it is the most peculiar literature that belongs to the modern world. There is a charm about the style of the book that makes it singularly readable, while the wealth of learning it contains renders it an absolute cyclopedia concerning a most important part of the history of the human intellect. The tone is high, the opinions are liberal, and the conclusions are sound, while the general lesson it teaches is eminently favorable to that law of progress which it is the pride of the nineteenth century to recognize, and to which it conforms its action. In short, it is the production of a deeply learned and soundly philosophical mind; and rich as our literature has been made in historical works, there is in it no work of which enlightened Americans can more fairly be proud than "The History of Spanish Literature."

This work was well received by the learned world. The most eminent critics, both at home and abroad, awarded to it the highest praise, and placed the author along side of his countryman and friend, Mr. Prescott. It was warmly received in Spain, whose scholars were of the best judges of its value; and it was immediately translated into Spanish. A not less marked indorsement of its worth was the appearance of a German version, an honor to which it never could have attained had it not been deserved—for the Germans are cautious of giving any approval to foreign works that are not of the first class, as their scholarship has a character to be upheld, which is not allowed to be imperiled by incautious approval or careless criticism. The work came to a third edition in this country in 1863, which was published in Boston by Ticknor & Fields, and which is enriched by the author's final revisions. It has never been so popular as the histories of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley; but this is no impeachment of its excellence, for the reason is obvious: the works of the gentlemen named deal with

the *actions* of men, and mostly of leading men, while Mr. Ticknor's history has to do, principally, with the *thoughts* of men who, for the most part, had small connection with that bustle of life which has so great attractions for the vast majority of readers.

In 1863 Mr. Ticknor published a "Life of William Hickling Prescott," the historian. Mr. Prescott died, suddenly, at the beginning of 1859. He and Mr. Ticknor had been life-long friends, and the influence of the latter in determining the course of the former's studies, and in that way aiding to produce some of the noblest of historical writings, will ever be among the most interesting facts in the annals of our literature. In the preface Mr. Ticknor said:—"The following memoir has been written in part payment of a debt which has been accumulating for above half a century. But I think it is right to add that my friend counted upon me, in case I should survive him, to prepare such a slight sketch of his literary life as he supposed might be expected—that, since his death, his family, and I believe the public, have desired a biographical account of him ampler than his own modesty had deemed appropriate—and that the Massachusetts Historical Society, who early did me the honor of directing me to prepare a notice of their lamented associate, such as it is customary to insert in their official proceedings, have been content to accept the present Memoir as a substitute. It is, therefore, on all accounts, offered to the public as a tribute to his memory, the preparation of which I should not have felt myself at liberty to refuse even if I had been less willing to undertake it." The "Memoir" was received with great, but most deserved favor. It is the finest biographical work ever produced in this country. The subject alone would have sufficed to make it interesting, but Mr. Ticknor so treated that subject as to make it additionally agreeable, and to secure for the volume a permanent place in the literature of the language. The work was published in three forms: one, a beautiful quarto; the second, an octavo; and the third, a duodecimo; and it found its way into the hands of all readers, and was everywhere perused with admiration. Seldom has a book been more favorably received; and never was public expectation better justified by a literary production than it was in this instance.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Ticknor wrote a Memoir of Nathaniel Appleton Haven, attached to the Literary "remains" of that gentleman, which he

edited. He wrote for the *North American Review*, and a *Life of Lafayette* prepared by him for that periodical was published in a separate form, with additions. He was a man of industry, as systematic as his talents were great and his acquirements solid and various.

Mr. Ticknor was the life-long friend of Webster, Everett and Choate, and these distinguished statesmen frequently drew upon him at sight for information and suggestion. Though not a politician, he naturally watched the progress of political events with great interest, but he lacked that vigorous hopefulness which made the late days of Everett so brilliant in noble services. He avoided the discussion of politics of late years, and rarely appeared on public occasions as a speaker, though he possessed the gift of oratory, and had his tastes inclined, he would have taken a leading position as a statesman. It is stated of him that he declined all invitations for many years, when an after dinner table speech was to be the price of participation. Mr. Webster was aware of this peculiarity. Shortly after Mr. Webster retired from the Secretaryship of State some twenty gentlemen tendered him a private dinner at the Revere House. They expressed a desire to have Mr. Ticknor present, and Mr. Webster agreed to bring it about. Mr. Ticknor, on the day named for the dinner, was invited by Mr. Webster to drop in at his rooms about four o'clock, as he wished to have a social chat. Mr. Ticknor responded, and after some general conversation the hosts of the occasion arrived, and notwithstanding the persistency of Mr. Ticknor's efforts to beat a retreat, he was over-persuaded and "trapped," as he expressed it, by the company. His speech on the occasion was one of the most classical and beautiful efforts that the distinguished company had ever listened to.

Mr. Ticknor was the friend to merit in whatever form it manifested itself. He freely gave words of encouragement to those who sought his advice, and he was liberal in his patronage of art. On one occasion a distinguished sculptor became temporarily discouraged and disheartened, and his friends proposed that he should go abroad. He called upon Mr. Ticknor to thank him for past kindness, and was taking his leave, when Mr. Ticknor gave him some cheering words, and coupled them with the assurance that he should be happy to honor his draft at any time for a couple of hundred of pounds; and before the astonished sculptor had time to recover

from his astonishment, Mr. Ticknor renewed the offer with the assurance that he would look to the future for payment. The money was never drawn, but the timely offer inspired the artist with new hope; and when success crowned his efforts, he recognized the intent of Mr. Ticknor by sending to him a bas relief representing an artist employed, while the hand of an invisible angel is pouring oil upon the work, facilitating the effort of the laborer.

The services rendered by Mr. Ticknor to the Boston Public Library will ever cause his memory to be cherished by the citizens of Boston. This institution has had many patrons and many zealous co-workers in the promotion of its interests, but of all these none brought to the self-imposed duty a larger experience or more disinterested motives, and not one gave to the work more time or thought. It was a favorite remark with Mr. Ticknor that a book fulfilled its mission only when it was in the hands of a reader, and to aid in the freest circulation of books was the object which he aimed to accomplish. His connection with the Public Library commenced in 1852, when the Trustees submitted a report on the objects to be attained by its establishment and the best mode of effecting them. This report was mainly the work of Mr. Ticknor. He presented the outline of the plan of a great public library which should form part of a comprehensive system of popular education. Mr. Everett had for some years a doubt of the feasibility of certain portions of this scheme, but the practical working of the library dispelled all doubts, and he freely accorded to Mr. Ticknor the credit due to him. It was mainly through the intimacy which existed between Mr. Joshua Bates and Mr. Ticknor that the former was induced to make those private donations which gave such a powerful impetus to this institution. After the death of Mr. Everett, Mr. Ticknor was chosen to succeed him as President of the Board of Trustees. He thanked his associates for the honor, and then said, "I am seventy-four years of age, gentlemen; I am not able to do much, and I do not intend to do as much as I am able to do." He continued, however, to perform all the duties of the position till June, 1866, when he resigned the Presidency, and retired the following year from his long and honorable connection with an institution which he regarded with pride and which he worked so hard to establish on the firmest foundation. In 1867, at the request of his



friends, Mr. Ticknor sat to Millmore for a bust, which is deposited in the Library.

It is only within a few months that his remarkable memory has shown evidence of decay. This faculty was wonderfully developed. He would relate the incidents of a visit paid to Lafayette at La Grange, where he passed several days, as though a few weeks instead of scores of years had intervened, and his personal reminiscences of celebrated men of former days appeared as freshly impressed upon his mind as the incidents of the day previous. "Ah," said a friend to Mr. Ticknor, when he was recalling an unpleasant incident of the past, "your great trouble is that you can't ever forget anything." It would seem to have been so, but he did not revive if he held resentment, but adopted the more Christian manner of recalling only what was pleasant in the past. His illness has not been of long duration. He felt that his days were approaching an end and he yielded with perfect resignation to the summons. On the third of January last he had a partial paralysis, but he retained his faculties till within a few hours of his death. His eminent services to literature and his connection with various societies both in this and foreign countries will secure to the world an appropriate memorial of this most distinguished Bostonian.

[Is Mr. Ticknor, the Living Age has to regret one of its most valued friends. From its commencement it has been largely indebted to him for counsel, encouragement and sympathy; and it is with a sense of personal loss that we record on its pages the announcement of his death.—EDITOR.]

From Saint Pauls.

#### EVERYBODY'S BABY.

THE portrait of Everybody's Baby, done in miniature, is worn next everybody's heart. Being so common, why is it so precious? Answer! oh, mother Nature; for the secret lies with you. As spring daisies in the grass, as morning clouds about the sun tinted with the colours of the dawn, so are the inexhaustible, ever-welcome babies, who, so say the old nurses, "bring their love with them."

The little breathing promise, apt to get red in the face upon the slightest emotion (mostly of the physical order), but showing no other sign of mental vivacity, began life by turning the house topsy-turvy—a process to which everybody (not usually

too good-tempered) submitted with astonishing patience. Necessity knows no law, and, said a friend of mine, is *also* the mother of invention. Necessity commanded, and everybody obeyed. Round that little pivot revolve the household hours. Rooms change their destination as if the inmates were playing at old coach. Sometimes the drawing-room (in a moderate household) becomes a bedroom, the dining-room becomes a *salon*, the dinner retreats to the breakfast-room, and master sleeps in the library. This is apt to take place when it is the first baby. Number two and number three are not born under such refined auspices (that is to say, the drawing-room curtains,) nor on such golden ground as the Smyrna carpet on which the first baby's winking eyes rested. There is a Spanish prince who not long ago strewed a little earth from his dear native land under the couch on which his firstborn (a boy as it happened) saw the light. It was necessary for the little prince's chance of succession that he should be "born upon the soil of Spain." Oh, firstborn son! what father would not joyfully scatter dust of diamonds beneath thy natal couch, so the act might ensure thee a large inheritance of this world's loved success!

We pass by three months. Everybody's Baby, after having made its entry amidst loud rejoicings and eager (admiring) criticism, subsided for twelve weeks into the condition of an absorbent human sponge. Suddenly, at the end of the third month, the tiny creature gave the ghost of a smile—a faint, feeble flicker, like the glimmer of the Northern Lights, through which the stars (its soft uncertain eyes) showed dimly. Everybody's Baby plainly had an idea! Do not laugh, dear reader. I think it can be metaphysically proved that a smile, however faint, must be called up by an idea, however vague. To the metaphysicians I leave it; but am myself sure that when Everybody's Baby gave its first smile it *expressed* by the gesture "How nice!" It was more grateful in its innocent heart for a dancing flame, or a bit of red ribbon in its mother's hair, or the waving branch of a white hawthorn in its father's garden, than *we* sometimes are for the liveliest literature or the most refined art. From day to day the smile grew stronger, until at four months old the creature became a wonderful mixture of imbecility and wisdom, preternaturally wise in the solemn expression of its brow and eyes, pathetically imbecile as regards the little fighting hands, always aiming at

nothing, and falling on the end of its own soft nose.

Moreover, Everybody's Baby is made up of the most contradictory moral qualities. It looks innocent and sweet, particularly when asleep; a kind of pure transparency, like that of living alabaster, is on its tender face. Yet did you ever know the creature content to be hungry or uncomfortable for a single instant without calling attention to the fact at the top of its lungs? What so imperious as Everybody's Baby? Neither Solomon nor Xerxes, with all their myriads, ever managed to be so well attended to as this little despot. "Milk for one" is passed from mouth to mouth of his obsequious waiters, provided he be that frequent circumstance — a bottle-fed baby. If *not*, then his mother is his loved slave, and he ties himself to her apron-string with a will that bides no brooking. The mannikin knows, doubtless, that its extreme weakness renders this course of conduct necessary, and is imperious, from sheer lack of ability to command. It answers; as a general rule nobody neglects Everybody's Baby!

Seeing, indeed, the helplessness of the creature, it has occurred to me to wonder how those countless myriads of babies which have been in all lands since the world began ever got through their first year. Little dogs and little cats shake their paws and their tails, and soon learn to stagger and tumble into active life; little parrots learn to jabber; little tigers to scratch and pounce. But Everybody's Baby is dependent on the loom and the knitting needle, on being washed with good soap (in London), on being nursed, cuddled, soothed, and petted, and not one single thing can it do for itself. Think of the children in Pharaoh's time. Little Moses was but one of millions! Think of the infant South Sea Islanders; of the infant Patagonians; of all the babies who lived in Mexico under Montezuma; of all in Russia and the United States at this present day! What a vast, helpless multitude, all relying in blind confidence, and not without reason, on somebody else's care!

That somebody answers nobly to the call. Nature has provided for that. Not mothers only, but nurses, big and little — from the ruling power in a gentleman's nursery down to the little hireling in the street. Who was it that painted Moloch and Moloch's devoted Johnny? The great painter is gone from among us. This was

but one of a thousand touches of truthful genius.

Let Everybody's Baby be grateful to Charles Dickens for the uniformly respectful manner in which it is spoken of in his pages. Moloch himself was to be dreaded, and not despised!

One hears much of the innocence and heavenly charms of little infants; but no writer has yet done justice to their wholesome absurdity. We repeat it, madam, — *wholesome absurdity*. If a healthy sense of humour were lost to the world, if we were all wise-acres and full of solemn headaches, the lost faculty of being refreshed by the ridiculous would be restored by the first baby. We are not told whether or no our first parents laughed in Paradise while as yet all went well. But assuredly the quaint tricks of the first human infant brought a smile to its father's face, which exile, with all its terrors, could not wholly quench.

In the words of an eminent theologian is to be found a remarkable observation about humour. The author, speaking of the attributes of God, and the evident truth that all faculties and qualities displayed in Creation have their root in the Divine Nature, observed that perhaps the only quality which we find it impossible to harmonize with our limited comprehension of that Nature is humour, as displayed in the monkey, the kitten, &c. We quote this famous passage from memory, suggesting that the peculiar mixture of innocence and drollery shown by Everybody's Baby illustrates the possibility of humour being native to the courts of heaven. Do the little cherubs never play? Are the baby angels in Raffaele's pictures, with their wings so nicely folded behind their plump shoulders, less gay-hearted than Everybody's Baby down here below? There is an old legend which tells us that the infant Jesus, playing with St. John, moulded birds out of clay, and bade them fly away, to the great delight of all the Jewish children. It is well known that in Germany to this day the Christ Child brings presents on Christmas night to all the good children. Of course Everybody's Baby is the best of children, and worthy to share with the little cherubs and the baby angels in all the good things belonging to the sacred season.

Laugh on, my darling! Be sure they also laughed of whom a divine voice said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"